

COLUMBIA JOURNALISM REVIEW



WINTER, 1968/1969

An essay in the meaning of television:

CORRIDOR OF MIRRORS

The television editorial process, Chicago

THE PILL:

Press and Public at the experts' mercy

...to assess the performance of journalism in all its forms, to call attention to its shortcomings and strengths, and to help define — or redefine — standards of honest, responsible service . . .

...to help stimulate continuing improvement in the profession and to speak out for what is right, fair, and decent.

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A peek at the power structure

Who runs Minneapolis?
Who calls the shots, sets the priorities, appoints the leaders, resolves the conflicts?
The old flour-milling families? The Daytons? The Minneapolis Club? The newspapers? The Republicans? The leftists? "The people"?

Thus began a nine-part series in *The Minneapolis Star* last December. Before it ended, the *Star* had not only illuminated a complicated bit of local power brokerage but had exposed faults in earlier reporting of the episode.

The series, which was written by David Nimmer, uncovered the behind-the-scenes jostling over the appointment of a black militant with a police record to the city Human Relations Commission. Mayor Naftalin of Minneapolis submitted a list of fifteen for the commission to the city council just before the end of 1967. Among them was Ron Edwards, a black man with four misdemeanor convictions and experience as a community organizer. The council opposition was led by its president, Dan Cohen, who thought that Edwards' police record should exclude him. The articles recounted in detail the pressure put on Cohen and his allies by the black community, the clergy, and eventually business and labor leaders. The paper concluded that effective power was diffused and came into play as the occasion might demand.

It also found that the public had not received an accurate version of this process. To quote one of the articles:

Judging by news reports of the time, the Edwards case was chiefly a struggle between the black community and some aldermen. There was no indication of organized efforts involving businessmen, religious leaders. . . .

Besides dealing for the first time in public with the role the paper's publisher had played in the dispute, the series was what the *Star's* assistant

city editor, Rodgers Adams, called "an unsettling critique . . . of our own reporting." He added: "We relied, during the controversy, almost exclusively on public actions and press releases. So did the *Tribune* [the *Star's* sister paper] and the television stations, with the result that the public's impression of what was happening was at least distorted and probably misleading. The key action committee and two key participants were never mentioned, their existence never hinted."

Adams says that the controversy raises difficult questions for journalists—particularly whether such an incident can or should be reported fully while it is taking place, or whether full publicity would make the resolution of such disputes difficult or impossible.

It is hard to escape the conclusion that such an effort—contemporaneous or *ex post facto*—is valuable both for the public and for the paper itself. The opportunities for such dissection of urban power structures in the United States are limitless; they merely require painstaking effort by newspapers and broadcasters.

End of an experiment

The Southern Courier, a unique experiment in regional journalism, suspended publication with the issue of December 7-8, 1968. The *Review* reprints here "A Toast to the Courier" from another pioneer, *The Texas Observer*:

The *Observer* proposes a toast to *The Southern Courier*, the last edition of which appeared in December.

After three and a half years of weekly publication from Montgomery, during which a program of reporting and encouraging the Negro under-culture was carried out, the *Courier* ran out of money.

But there was a deeper discouragement at the end. The staffers of the *Courier* had stopped believing they were doing enough good.

The paper's closing editorial reviewed the facts of one depressing matter, among the many.

Blacks employed by the Marathon Southern Co., a toilet paper maker, had objected to a US contract going to the company because Marathon segregated them in its company town, consigning them to shacks, giving the whites the best houses. After hearings, stories, and even a book, the result: the company got the US contract and the blacks got taken, again.

Allen Black of the NAACP Legal Defense Fund wrote the *Courier* about the situation, and this is the last sound of the voices of the *Southern Courier*, these next three paragraphs are their goodbye:

"Black asks for our help, but what can we do? The Civil Rights Commission has held hearings on the situation in Bellamy and other places, and a book based on the hearings has been published. In addition, as Black's letter shows, the facts have been presented to the government agencies who can act on them.

"But nothing has been accomplished—Marathon Southern is still raking in the government contracts. We can no longer see how another story about this situation can possibly do any good—and this is true about nearly all the situations we have encountered in recent months. A newspaper is powerless against this official and nationwide indifference.

"The chances are slim that we will ever resume publishing. If we do not, recent subscribers will be repaid as money becomes available. All our other obligations will be met. We cannot begin to thank all the people who have helped us, and we are only sorry we could not do more to help them."

We are full of an awareness, not a personal but a nevertheless actual awareness, of the people who have put this paper out, from Montgomery, Birmingham, Mobile, Selma, Meridian, Atlanta. They have run out of money, they have, at this juncture, run out of hope, but let us, of the *Observer*, say to them, of the *Courier*, we understand what you have done, we understand what you have experienced, and we understand why you are discouraged now, but we value you, we rue your going, and we thank you.

Darts and laurels

Dart: to the National Broadcasting Company, for scheduling its "news magazine" program, *First Tuesday*, opposite the CBS *60 Minutes*, a similar program that went on the air four months earlier.

Laurel: to the Associated Press, for transmit-



ting intact to members the full text of the summary of the Walker Report on violence in Chicago, including the quoted obscenity, and to the *Louisville Courier-Journal* and *Times* for carrying the text as transmitted. (This decision is in contrast with the apparent hypocrisy of *The New York Times*, which deleted obscenity from the text it printed on December 2, but left it in the Bantam paperback edition that carries the paper's nameplate on the title page.)

Dart: to the hundred and more television stations that carried Chicago Mayor Daley's defense of the city's actions at the Democratic convention but declined to run the rebuttal prepared by the American Civil Liberties Union and two protest organizations. This response hardly supports the broadcast industry's contention that no federal fairness doctrine is necessary to insure balanced treatment of issues on the air.

Great Moment in American Journalism

The *San Francisco Chronicle* of November 25, 1968, carried a story by Maitland Zane, a reporter who claimed to have made the supreme sacrifice in gathering material for his story on call girls.

THE PILL

Press and public at the experts' mercy

EDITORS' NOTE: This article, which will be presented in two parts in the winter and spring issues, is unusual for the Review in that it does not focus entirely on journalism. Rather, it is a case study—and a highly important one, in the editors' opinion—of the insufficiency of the mechanisms now available for monitoring specialist institutions and individuals on the public's behalf. The author, Morton Mintz, has been reporting on *The Pill* for *The Washington Post* since late 1965. Mintz won numerous awards for his reporting in 1962 in the *Post* about the baby-deforming drug thalidomide. He wrote "The Therapeutic Nightmare," revised and reissued as "By Prescription Only."

The only way that democracy can be made bearable is by developing and cherishing a class of men sufficiently honest and disinterested to challenge the prevailing quacks. No such class has ever appeared in the United States. Thus, the business of harassing the quacks devolves upon the newspapers. When they fail in their duty, which is usually, we are at the quacks' mercy.

—H. L. Mencken in *Minority Report*

By MORTON MINTZ

Twenty days a month, the Population Council estimated in 1967, 6.5 million women in the United States and 6.3 million elsewhere swallow a birth control pill. The women are healthy, not sick, and the pills are powerful chemicals. This is a situation "unique in the history of human therapeutics," the Food and Drug Administration's Advisory Committee on Obstetrics and Gynecology said in a report in 1966. "Never will so many people have taken such potent drugs voluntarily over such a protracted period for an objective other than the control of disease." This massive experiment in drug-taking was founded, of course, on a presumption of safety which now has omnipresent

manifestations. In *Sex and the Office*, in a chapter on how to manage an affair during the lunch-hour, for example, Helen Gurley Brown counsels, "If you use pills, so much the easier." Jeanine Deckers, the former Singing Nun, composes "La Pilule d'Or" ("The Golden Pill"). "In her fresh, warm voice," *McCall's* said in May, 1967, "she was singing a hymn of praise to God for inspiring mankind to invent the birth-control pill." And 20th Century-Fox produces *Prudence and the Pill*, which Renata Adler, in *The New York Times*, described as "a nauseating little sex comedy in which somebody is always substituting a vitamin or an aspirin for somebody else's oral contraceptive until everyone gets confused or pregnant."

Such cultural stigmata show that the presumption of safety is pervasive, not that it is valid. They also illuminate the extreme degree of trust put in experts without whose advocacy the oral contraceptives, which are prescription drugs, would not legally have been made freely available to American women.

"Experts... at any point in time are frequently considered to be those who espouse the most popular and widely held views of the predominant orthodoxy," Paul Talalay wrote in 1964 in *Drugs in Our Society*. "The history of medicine abounds

with examples of the perpetuation of totally illogical treatments...because of the powerful influence of an authoritarian orthodoxy....The opinion of experts should be subject to challenge by way of a wide variety of media and channels."

A severe challenge to the presumption of safety of oral contraceptives was laid down on April 27, 1968, in a report in the *British Medical Journal*. The FDA responded immediately by summoning the American manufacturers to meet with it a few days later, on May 8, in Washington. The upshot was that the producers agreed to a major revision of the uniform labeling, the FDA-authorized instructions for prescribing physicians. Starting on July 1, 1968, the manufacturers agreed to include this warning:

Studies conducted in Great Britain...estimate there is a seven to tenfold increase in mortality and morbidity due to thromboembolic [clotting in the blood vessels] diseases in women taking oral contraceptives. In these controlled retrospective studies, involving 36 reported deaths and 58 hospitalizations due to idiopathic [of unknown cause] thromboembolism, statistical evaluation indicated that the differences observed between users and nonusers were highly significant.

The principal findings of the British studies, which were conducted by Drs. W.H.W. Inman and M.P. Vessey for the Committee on Safety of Drugs, and by Drs. Vessey and Richard Doll for the Medical Research Council, were summarized by the FDA in tabular form. The data emphasized that the highest risk was to women in the 35-to-44 age group. Among 1 million such women¹ the annual death rate, the FDA said, was 39 for users of the pills, compared with 5 for non-users. Among women in the 20-to-34 age bracket the annual death rate was found to be 15 for users, 2 for non-users. A single age group, 20 to 44, was used to chart thromboembolic episodes—mainly, clots in the leg or pelvis

(thrombophlebitis), in the lung (pulmonary embolism), and in the brain (cerebral thrombosis)—which, while not fatal, required hospital treatment and sometimes caused lifelong disablement. For episodes of this kind the labeling reported an annual incidence of 470 per million in users, as against 50 in non-users.

The FDA and the manufacturers agreed that a "statistically significant relationship has been demonstrated" between the pills and leg, pelvic, and lung clotting, and that the data were "suggestive of an association" with strokes that was "neither confirmed nor refuted." As to a possible causal connection with heart attacks, the authors of the studies said the data available to them did not "quite" attain statistical significance. Nonetheless, these data impressed the researchers sufficiently that they troubled to report what the clotting death rates would be with the heart-attack figures included: 22 per million per year in women age 20 to 34, and 45 per million per year in women age 35 to 44. But inclusive or exclusive of heart attacks, all of the death rates in the British studies were acknowledged to understate the true incidences, "very likely" by about 40 per cent. In explanation, Drs. Inman and Vessey said that a check of factory production figures had revealed a substantial overestimate of the use of oral contraceptives—and, therefore, of pill-caused clotting—in the general (control) population.

The fundamental point made by all of this is that a certainty of significant hazard was established not before, but *after* almost 13 million women had begun to use The Pill (as I will call it hereafter), not to mention additional millions who used it but then gave it up. The evidence which follows demonstrates, I believe, that this phenomenon was the result of monumental failures in numerous institutions, particularly the FDA, the regulatory agency with power to grant or withhold marketing approval, and the medical profession, which prescribed The Pill. Yet even if the FDA failed in its primary mission; even if a large proportion of physicians performed as un-scientists, as True Believers who did not bother to get the facts (or discern the non-facts) before making the cumulatively mo-

¹The FDA's calculations were on the basis of 100,000, but 1 million is used here so as to maintain consistency with incidence rates cited later in this article.

mentous decisions to prescribe routine use of potent drugs by healthy patients, and even if The Pill was destined to emerge as the appetizer on Helen Gurley Brown's menu for a naked lunch—even if all of these things happened the consequences would not have been so staggering but for the fact that all news media had supplied an abundance of non-reporting, mis-reporting, and mal-reporting. For against the arrogance of misguided experts, which was the mainspring of much of the problem, one of the few protections is a robust press—whether the issue is the Bay of Pigs, the war in Viet Nam, the Supersonic Transport, the pesticides in our crops, the additives in our food and drink or The Pill.

"Diplomatic immunity"

A few professional publications and a few newsmen—notably, Don Oberdorfer for Knight Newspapers and John Troan for Scripps-Howard—reported thoroughly on the reasons for concern about the safety of The Pill. But its social and psychological importance conferred what Dr. David B. Clark, a University of Kentucky neurologist, has called "a diplomatic immunity." Over and above such "immunity," Dr. Herbert Ratner, editor of *Child and Family*,² has found plentiful evidence of affirmative "propaganda." In general, he said in an editorial last spring, "favorable findings of drug company subsidized physician promoters of The Pill and naive physicians have been encouraged, widely distributed, scientifically inflated, maximized and extolled, whereas unfavorable findings have either been ignored, suppressed, rationalized, minimized or ridiculed." The net result seen by Dr. Ratner "was that the real users of The Pill, the middle and upper classes of the U.S., were seduced away from well established and safe means of birth control."

The substance of the Clark-Ratner indictment once was turned against *The New York Times*

²This is "A Quarterly Survey on The Family" owned by the National Commission on Human Life Reproduction and Rhythm, Oak Park, Illinois.

Other possible effects of long-term use must be checked. Our studies have involved a number of tests varying from blood pressure to liver function, from blood-cell counts to cancer-detection smears. Thus far we have no indication of abnormality, but we continue regular examinations. When we finish in a few years, these studies will probably constitute one of the most thorough long-term observations of female physiology yet performed. The use of oral contraceptives by millions of women in recent years has led to wide publicity, and many ills occurring in users have been attributed to the "pills." Among them may be mentioned excessive hair growth and excessive loss of hair, insomnia and sleepiness, excessive bleeding and a tendency to blood clotting. When subjected to careful scrutiny, all of these conditions have been found to be unrelated to the use of the contraceptives.

Expert advice: conclusions on the safety of The Pill by Dr. Gregory Pincus, a pioneer in the creation of oral contraceptives, in *Ladies' Home Journal*, June, 1963.

by Gershon Rolnick, a reader in Brooklyn, who made a tally of stories on The Pill and found a far smaller emphasis on safety than on such aspects as the happiness of sexually liberated and always ready co-eds, secretaries, and housewives, the pronouncements of clerics, and the alleged therapeutic benefits. Replying, Turner Catledge, then executive editor, told Rolnick that the *Times* "has tried to inform its readers about all important aspects of the question of oral contraceptives. It intends to continue to report accurately on all newsworthy events." Well over a year after this exchange, in April, 1968, the *Times* disposed of the momentous report of the British Medical Research Council with a six-paragraph story on page 86, next to the ship arrivals. Four months earlier, on January 7, 1968, a *Times* specialist on The Pill, Jane E. Brody, pronounced it nothing less than the "perfect" contraceptive. This evaluation was made in the first sentence of her article. The second sentence made clear that by "perfect" she meant "foolproof." This is not the exclusive criterion for perfection; shooting the mother might also be a "foolproof" method of contraception.

Miss Brody's enthusiasm for The Pill was shared by Dr. John Rock, one of its principal developers, probably its leading proselytizer and a Roman Catholic, whose scientific illogic has been treated by the *Times* and other news media as seriously as his disputes with the Vatican. In

the January, 1968, *Family Circle*, which about 7 million housewives carried home from supermarkets, Dr. Rock said that when taken "under the supervision of a competent physician, and directions followed," The Pill "is perfectly safe." Similarly, Dr. Robert W. Kistner, a Harvard Medical School colleague of Dr. Rock, said in the March, 1964, *Postgraduate Medicine*, "... scrutiny of the available data by experts in the field of hematology and vascular disease has completely exonerated the drug as the etiologic factor." Such claims are, on their face, scientifically untenable. For one thing, Dr. Rock's "competent physician" has no way of detecting, say, a predisposition to clotting in a woman with no indication or history of such disease. For another, it is an axiom that no data about a drug and adverse reactions ever warrant a claim that it is "perfectly safe" or has been "completely exonerated." A scientist properly can assert only a cautious conclusion: that there is a probability of a high or low order that a cause-effect relation with adverse reactions has been demonstrated.

Dr. Kistner's claim of complete exoneration was circulated among an influential group of laymen by G. D. Searle & Co., manufacturer of Enovid, the pioneer oral contraceptive, and of Ovulen-21, another such drug. On October 15, 1965, a few weeks before the publication of my *The Therapeutic Nightmare*, Searle launched an extraordinary campaign by sending to "Book Review Editors and Book Reviewers" an 8-page "Fact Sheet." The headline was, "SEARLE SEEKS TO AVOID PUBLIC 'PANIC' ON ORAL CONTRACEPTIVES / BY ALERTING BOOK REVIEWERS TO 'MISINFORMATION' IN MINTZ BOOK". Other cover pages were prepared for other news executives, such as "Science and News Editors."³ What set off the Searle crusade was a chapter on the facts

³I have no evidence on what impact the Searle campaign may have had. With extremely few exceptions, the book was neither mentioned nor reviewed in magazines—but it was extensively (and often very favorably) reviewed in newspapers; and I had, and accepted, numerous invitations to appear on radio and television stations in several cities.

known up to that time about reasons for concern about The Pill. Coming down hard on the possibility, raised in the book, that The Pill could cause clotting, the "Fact Sheet" quoted Dr. Kistner to the contrary.

More celebrated, however, is Dr. Rock. He has told people what they want to hear. This has enabled him to shrug off criticism that was scientifically devastating. Consider a claim he made in 1963 in his book *The Time Has Come*. The claim was that The Pill is a "natural" and "physiologic" contraceptive technique. In *The New York Times Book Review* Dr. Robert E. Hall of Columbia University, an admitted "birth control enthusiast," said, "I would like to dismiss this theory as a harmless euphemism; as a doctor I must aver it is medical fantasy." Dr. Herbert Ratner has told why. The Pill, he said, induces "false pregnancy," which "is a disease, not a normal state." In true pregnancy, "the vascular system of the body adjusts to accommodate a rapidly enlarging uterus," he explained. "In false or Pill pseudo-pregnancy, the pelvic vascular system increases the blood supply, but there is no enlarging uterus to utilize the increase. This results in extensive venous congestion [which] introduces a whole series of factors predisposing to thrombosis and embolic phenomena." How can contraception with The Pill be "natural" when, as Dr. Clark, the professor of neurology at the University of Kentucky, has pointed out, a woman taking it "is, in effect, pregnant and delivering every month," and has over her child-bearing life "90 times more chances of showing the complications of pregnancy"?

The lost clues

Let us see how the present situation developed.

Particularly in the period 1954 through 1965, when the late George P. Larrick was Commissioner of the Food and Drug Administration, the agency allowed a great many potent drugs to go on the prescription market. Frequently, safety had not been actually demonstrated but merely had been asserted by companies in which the FDA had confidence. In May, 1960, Dr. William D. Kessenich, then director of the Bureau of

Medicine, notified Larrick that the New Drug Branch of the bureau had "concluded that the evidence establishes the safety of Enovid tablets for use in conception control. . . ." The agency enforced rigid secrecy policies that concealed the nature and quality of "the evidence" from the medical and lay press and public. As a practical matter, there was little choice but to take the decision to allow marketing on faith. The assumption was erroneously but widely made that those in authority were observing a standard such as that articulated in August, 1961, by Drs. H. Cook Hale, Clarence J. Gamble, and Adaline Pendleton Satterwaite, all of Harvard, in the *American Journal of Obstetrics and Gynecology*: "No method of pregnancy spacing, even though highly effective, is justifiable if it endangers life or health." The assumption also was widely made that the tests of large numbers of women in Puerto Rico were for safety; in fact, these tests were for efficacy.

There were times when subcommittees of the House and Senate stripped away the secrecy imposed by the FDA and bared evidence of non-feasance, misfeasance, and malfeasance. Usually, the press responded with non-reporting. Such was the case in early 1963 when a Senate Committee on Government Operations subcommittee headed by then Senator Hubert H. Humphrey, which had been monitoring the agency's performance, published some shocking internal FDA documents. One was the memo from Dr. Kessenich which provided the foundation for the decision by the FDA, in 1960, to let Enovid be marketed as a contraceptive. The "entire series of clinical cases" on which the conclusion of safety was based, Dr. Kessenich said, included only 66 women who had taken Enovid for 12 to 21 *consecutive* cycles; only 66 more had taken it for 24 to a maximum of 38 *consecutive* cycles. "*Consecutive*" is the crucial word, because *sustained* use is what must be monitored if reliable information is to be had on the impacts of taking a powerful combination of estrogen and progestogen over a long period—almost three decades, in the extreme case of a female who should use The Pill over her entire child-bearing age range of 15 to 44. Yet the number of women

who had received Enovid continuously for a year or more was 132. As a basis for presuming safety in long-term use by, ultimately, millions of women, this was a scientific scandal. To my knowledge, the sufficiency of the test sample since its exposure has not been publicly and specifically defended—not by the FDA, not by scientists, not by organized medicine, not even by the manufacturer. For one thing, 132 is a smaller number of women than, this year alone, in the United States alone, will die from clotting induced by The Pill.

If the adversary system somehow had reached out to the FDA and compelled it to disclose its evidence and non-evidence of safety, the agency would have been laughed out of the courtroom. And had the press not failed to call the attention of the lay and medical public to the figures blind ignorance would not so long have been perpetuated. In October, 1965—two and a half years after the Humphrey subcommittee published the data—the Committee on Human Reproduction of the American Medical Association issued, in the *Journal* of the AMA, a comprehensive guide to conception control. The Humphrey figures were nowhere mentioned. In an interview, Dr. Raymond T. Holden, the Committee chairman, acknowledged to me that he—and, so far as he knew, the seven members of the committee—had never heard of them. They were, he said forthrightly, "not enough."

Also in 1963, a report was made by the Wright Committee, a group of consultants assembled by the FDA after it had learned of 30 fatal and 242 non-fatal clotting episodes in users of Enovid. At the time the committee was named, December, 1962, Enovid was the only oral contraceptive on the market. The committee investigated the available evidence but found it too full of holes to yield a statistically significant result. Again widely and erroneously, this was assumed to mean that Enovid had been found safe. The committee's single recommendation was for a well-controlled, prospective (looking forward) study. This recommendation was of obvious, critical importance, and on a grand scale, to health and life. For years, the FDA did not implement it and did not even seek funds to implement it.

name the drug.

The possible role of these pills in clot formation is mentioned frequently. A group of distinguished obstetrician-gynecologists evaluated all the data and could not confirm or refute the causative role of these compounds.

They also concluded that "if oral contraceptives act as a cause, they do so very infrequently, relative to the number of users." In addition there is no proof that they cause cancer or have an adverse effect upon the baby when pregnancy is desired.

More expert advice: from a column by Dr. Theodore R. Van Dellen, distributed by the Chicago Tribune and printed in the New York Daily News, December 4, 1966.

This non-performance was non-monitored by the Congress. With the exception of *The Washington Post*, the press failed to call attention to the failures of the FDA and the Congress. Once again, non-reporting served to re-enforce an invalid presumption of safety.

The same presumption was benefited by misreporting, or worse. The next year brought a memorable example. On July 12, 1964, *This Week*, the supplement circulated to millions in their Sunday newspapers, carried an article which a sub-headline heralded as "authoritative" and which was blessed by the American Medical Association by way of an inset saying, "AMA Authorized." The writer, Dr. Edwin J. DeCosta, said, "... studies do not indicate that the pills cause clots." What studies? The FDA's counterpart of the retrospective British trials was not begun until 1966 and will not be completed until sometime in 1969. The National Institutes of Health did not make its first contract for a prospective study, the kind recommended in 1963 by the Wright Committee, until mid-1967; and the intake of volunteers did not begin until the spring of 1968, or eight years after The Pill went on sale. Dr. DeCosta doubtless was referring mainly to preliminary reports on a highly publicized study of 5,000 women who were given Enovid in 38 Planned Parenthood clinics. When the study was formally reported, in April, 1965, G. D. Searle, the manufacturer, unleashed a ma-

nor publicity campaign which focused on the claim that the rate of leg and pelvic clotting in the 5,000 users was lower than "we have ever found for incidence of thrombophlebitis in women of a similar age group. . . ." Few noticed the fatal flaw: the 5,000 participants entered the study only after having taken Enovid for 24 months. Thus the study eliminated a crucial group, the drop-outs who because of unfavorable experience with Enovid quit using it, never entered the study, and therefore were not counted. Because most such unfavorable experience, including clotting episodes, occurs well within the first twenty-four months of use, the study was a scientifically ludicrous basis for a claim such as Dr. DeCosta's that "studies do not indicate that the pills cause clots." Even in 1962, about eighteen months before the *This Week* article appeared, Professor J. R. A. Mitchell of Oxford and the British Medical Research Council had told a Searle-sponsored conference on clotting, "the patients who drop out . . . are much more important than the patients who stay in. . . ."

In *This Week*, Dr. DeCosta obscured the fundamental question, whether clotting occurs in users of The Pill more often than in non-users, with two devices. One was the diversionary one of noting that clotting occurs not only in women non-users, but also in men. The second was ridicule: "I am reminded of a recent medical meeting where a doctor reported several instances of leg clots occurring chiefly in patients taking the pills. Another doctor promptly arose. His patient too had been given a prescription for the pills, and had developed leg clots. But she had forgotten to have the prescription filled." "AMA-Authorized" humor, vintage 1964.

At about the same time, on July 3, there was an FDA-authorized uplift for readers of *Life*. Dr. Joseph F. Sadusk, Jr., then the agency's top doctor and now a vice president of Parke, Davis & Co., a manufacturer of oral contraceptives, said, "We are not taking a dogmatic attitude that oral contraceptives are absolutely safe. . . . But the indications so far are they are safe, when given under the supervision of a doctor. . . ." (my italics). But what does "absolutely safe"—or even "safe"—mean? This question is elementary. Yet

it was seldom asked. Actually, the proper question about any drug is not whether it is "safe," but whether it is *relatively safe* for a particular patient. Safety is not absolute but relative, varying with the individual, the severity of his condition, his age, the available alternatives. Being almost totally effective in inhibiting ovulation, The Pill is relatively safe for a woman in whom conception could have a tragic result—death in childbirth, a mental breakdown, an infant born to starve. The Pill is relatively unsafe for the bride who wants to have children but not at once and who reliably will use alternative forms of conception control, such as a diaphragm (always with spermicidal cream or jelly) or vaginal foam. These alternatives (and intra-uterine devices in women who have been pregnant) involve a very small risk of failure, that is, of conception, and

failure in a woman such as described is not tragic.

Reassured by experts such as Drs. Rock, Kistner, DeCosta, and Sadusk; given scant help by news media; predisposed to believe that a beneficent Science had, in the nick of time, galloped to the rescue and simultaneously provided the answer to population control and a chemical passkey to the New Sexual Freedom—given all of these things, it was not to be wondered that the advice once given by the late Justice Robert H. Jackson was widely violated. We are, he said, in "a day of synthetic living, when to an ever-increasing extent our population is dependent upon mass producers for its food and drink, its cures and complexions, its apparel and gadgets." He went on to say, "Purchasers cannot try out drugs to determine whether they kill or cure." But they do.

Follow-up on a "cancer vaccine"

In the winter, 1967/1968, issue of the *Columbia Journalism Review*, Morton Mintz reported on news-media treatment of a "cancer vaccine" distributed by the Rand Development Corporation of Cleveland, headed by H. James Rand, which is not to be confused with the "think tank" of similar name. (The article, "A Magazine and a 'Vaccine'" was reprinted from Mintz's book, *By Prescription Only*.) Mintz described two articles in *Pageant* magazine about the Rand vaccine and coverage in the *Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

On December 13, 1968, a federal grand jury indicted Rand and his corporation on three counts of mail fraud and three of securities fraud. The indictment alleged that the publicity for the "vaccine" was part of a scheme to raise the price of Rand Development stock. The vaccine itself had long since been seized and its production halted by the Food and Drug Administration.

The major piece of *Plain Dealer* publicity appeared on August 19, 1966, under a seven-column headline ("Stock Jumps on Cancer Cure Rumor") and the byline of John E. Bryan, financial editor of the newspaper. Bryan wrote: "A

cure for cancer may be imminent." That summer, Bryan held 125 shares of Rand Development, because, he said, a broker had advised him that Rand Development would do well in the field of water pollution. He said also that he had sold 100 shares by the time the story appeared and the rest later, realizing less than \$200 on the investment. When his story was published the price of the stock soared from \$16 to a peak of \$54.

On December 14, 1968, the *Plain Dealer* ran a full story on the Rand indictment, and mentioned—in the third paragraph from the end—that the stock price had risen after the *Plain Dealer's* story of August 19, 1966.

The writers of the other major publicity for the Rand vaccine, the two articles that appeared in *Pageant* magazine, have been under scrutiny by the Society of Magazine Writers. The society's November, 1968, newsletter carried a report from its editor-writer relations committee citing a paragraph from the society's constitution providing for disciplinary action, but not for investigation, of possible unprofessional conduct. Thereupon, a member proposed a bylaw providing for investigation and possible penalties, opening the way for further action.

Washington: focusing on Nixon

By JULES WITCOVER

The incredible series of events that marked the past political year may have obscured the fact that a tactical revolution occurred in 1968 in the way the winning presidential candidate made contact with the American electorate. Any evaluation of press performance in the 1968 campaign therefore must assess the degree to which the news business recognized this revolution and coped with it. Such an assessment is particularly pertinent because there is every reason to believe that the campaign innovations of Richard M. Nixon will be copied in 1972 and thereafter.

The winning campaign was divided into two basic segments. The first was traditional, personal barnstorming—full of hoopla, bands, cheering faithful, and soaring, haranguing speeches. The second was the “media” campaign—a subdued, carefully controlled exposure of the candidate on radio and television, offering issues-discussion in a format tailored deftly to him and to the particular voters he was addressing.

Presidential candidates have been working both sides of the campaign street, of course, ever since television came of age. But never before had electronic campaigning so dominated a bid for the Presidency and shaped a candidate's overall thrust. With the sure touch of Madison Avenue professionalism that characterized the Nixon campaign all year, the first segment—the public rallies, the transcontinental jet-hopping—pro-

vided the excitement and sense of motion that the American public has come to expect from its presidential aspirants. It was a facade, however, behind which the candidate was largely protected from the physical ordeal, the tensions, and the political pitfalls of traditional stumping—including hot pursuit by the accompanying press.

The press pursued Nixon, all right—possibly in record numbers and at greater expense to publishers than at any time in the past. For the first time, jet planes were used exclusively by both Nixon and Hubert H. Humphrey, but what was gained in speed and comfort was lost in access to the candidates. Humphrey often rode his press plane and mixed with the reporters—especially near the end, when he thought he was gaining. But Nixon with only rare exceptions kept himself aloof and isolated from the traveling press. A small group of pool reporters rode with him on the main plane, but the select few seldom gained entry to his private front compartment, and the candidate only infrequently wandered back to chat with them. On the return flight from Los Angeles to New York on Election Day, only one pool reporter was permitted aboard Nixon's plane. The pooler, Anthony Day of the *Philadelphia Evening and Sunday Bulletin*, repeatedly requested an interview but never got one. Nixon did walk through once but said nothing to Day.

This experience, in a way, was a fitting climax to the relationship between Nixon and the press throughout the campaign. Although his press aide boasted about Nixon's large number of press conferences—and something new called press “availabilities”—the candidate ran wrapped in cellophane. Most of the “availabilities” were hit-and-run things, often at the base of his plane when local radio and television men crowded around, thrust microphones into his face, and shouted tired old questions that he turned away with smiles and short stock answers. Press conferences turned out to be mostly showcases for Nixon's deftness as a question-parrier, and on the few occasions when a sudden issue broke on the campaign, reaching him directly for a response was virtually impossible. As for getting a feel of the man through daily, close-up exposure on the same plane with him—one of the chief

Jules Witcover traveled with the Nixon entourage in 1968 as a reporter for the Newhouse National News Service.

benefits for the press in past campaigns—there was no chance at all.

At the same time, the Nixon press operation industriously filled the void during the traditional campaigning by keeping the press occupied with routine. It long has been a cherished axiom of the press agency trade that the best way to keep the nosy press out of dark corners is to shine the light elsewhere. This the Nixon campaign did in spades. Speech handouts and position papers were produced with sometimes maddening efficiency; always, there was something spoon-fed to write for the a.m. cycle and for the p.m. cycle; the need of the Sunday story writers never was overlooked; booklets giving the candidate's views on everything under the sun were parceled out whenever the pickings were lean.

While the traveling press thus was engaged in the trappings of traditional stump campaigning, but with less of the substance than in past election years, the second segment of the Nixon campaign went forward, often under conditions neutralizing, even excluding, the traveling press.

Nixon would go into a city and tape a television talk or panel discussion with local citizens hand-picked by the resident Republican structure. The newsmen in the entourage sometimes were admitted to the studio, sometimes only to a viewing room. Local television interviews were given from which the traveling press was excluded, with transcripts provided the next day—when the tour had moved on to another city. It was difficult for daily reporters, struggling as they were to keep datelines sorted out and relatively honest as they jetted back and forth across the country, to make timely use of such material.

Near the end of the campaign, the candidate recorded a series of ten radio talks aired nationally on later nights. Few of the newsmen traveling with him ever heard any of them, though many wrote about them from advance texts. The contrast between the partisan, aggressive Nixon they saw daily on the stump, and the restrained, thoughtful, conversational Nixon millions of American voters heard on the air was striking. It was, for those who did manage to see him in the one format and hear him in the other, a most remarkable performance of shifting gears.

From the perspective of the news business, there thus is the very real possibility that the Nixon most reporters covered and wrote about during the fall, and the Nixon to whom most voters were exposed were essentially two different campaigners. It would be an oversimplification to suggest that the national press was covering the sideshow while the goings-on under the big tent were being ignored; nevertheless, the attention given to the first, traditional segment of the Nixon campaign, compared with what was given to the "media" campaign, surely was disproportionate in terms of voter impact. For every voter who saw the candidate in the flesh in 1968, hundreds—and probably thousands—saw him only on television.

The press, of course, cannot let a presidential candidate race around the country alone. Nor can any large news organization that takes its responsibilities seriously abdicate those responsibilities to the wire services or fail to provide individual, enterprise campaign coverage for its readers, listeners, and viewers. A presidential campaign is of such transcending importance that the voters have every right to expect the American news business to turn its best efforts toward reporting and analyzing the campaign—and certainly so in the last two months. The problem, hence, is not whether to abandon the traditional on-the-spot coverage of the candidate, but to appreciate that there is much more to the electing of a President today, in the era of mass communications and mass merchandising of issues and candidates. The "media" campaign as well as the traditional barnstorming must be monitored, analyzed, appraised.

During the Nixon campaign, reporters traveling with the candidate sought as best they could to cover both phases. But inevitably tradition and the physical presence of the candidate obliged them to favor the in-person appearance over the pre-recorded radio or television talk to be monitored, whenever a choice had to be made. It might be called the police-beat syndrome, and it applied particularly in a wild, unpredictable year in which one presidential candidate was assassinated and the threat of violence and uncertainty dogged the footsteps of all the others. The reporter who let the candidate out of his

The Inauguration: cautious television

Criticism of their coverage of the Democratic convention in Chicago seemed to be on the minds of the television networks when they turned out for the ceremonies on January 20, 1969, with the inevitable accompaniment of protest. What happened was described by Lawrence Laurent in *The Washington Post* on January 21:

Each of the three television networks took on a distinctive pattern during yesterday's coverage of the Presidential Inauguration. NBC tended to emphasize interviews, CBS offered the greatest variety, and ABC tended to rely on guest experts.

The CBS coverage will undoubtedly be called the most controversial. This network, alone, telecast live coverage of an encounter between demonstrators and soldiers and police on Pennsylvania Avenue near 14th Street, N.W. CBS also offered Hal Walker's account of the throwing of bottles and rocks at police near St. John's Church.

Most of the non-peaceful demonstrations did take place away from the 73 cameras that had been stationed around the city. A viewer must feel, however, that the network newsmen were recalling the heavy criticism that followed detailed reporting of demonstrations in Chicago last summer.

After Chicago, all three networks were accused of having failed to report provocation of police. Early yesterday afternoon, CBS correspondent Joseph Benti—stationed on Pennsylvania near 14th Street—reported that demonstrators were using “quite vile language.” He also detailed the “black flag of anarchy,” the burning of an American flag, the presence of the Viet Cong flag and that the demonstrators were chanting “Seig Heil” at policemen.

CBS had live coverage of a soldier being knocked to the street and the arrest of a girl. Both Benti and anchorman Walter Cronkite stressed that the importance of such incidents “shouldn't be over-emphasized.”

Benti added: “This one little event naturally attracts our attention because it is the sore thumb that sticks out.”

A short time later on ABC-TV, anchorman Howard K. Smith noted “reports of demonstrations” and added that they were “not terribly serious.”

An NBC reporter along the route said cheering drowned out the anti-war booing.

sight for whatever reason did so at his own peril in 1968. Not all the Nervous Nellies last year were against the war in Viet Nam; newsmen facing deadlines who had to stay behind to write on the press plane or bus did so with greater trepidation than in the past.

Certainly, as the “media” campaign becomes more and more an election-year staple, not every news organization is likely to staff fully both segments of the presidential race. To assign men to hang back after each stop to monitor the radio and television shows would be prohibitive. But it may not be too soon for the wire services to start considering this very step, and for the larger news organizations to give greater attention to coverage of the “media” campaign, at least on a selective basis. There is a real danger, from the viewpoint of the press's watchdog role in the contest for the Presidency, that paid radio and television can be used to end-run the watchdog.

Filtering out the press

If there was one feeling shared almost universally among the reporters who covered the Nixon campaign, it was one of frustration—frustration that the machinery of the Nixon organization was so effective and seemingly so impenetrable in its controlled use of traditional and media campaign tactics to insulate the candidate and, often, to filter out the press. That frustration continued through the long period of transition-planning, when Nixon holed up in New York and Key Biscayne with the same machinery keeping the press at bay. It may be, in fact, that the news business will not have until 1972 to contemplate how it does its job under the new techniques of shaping public opinion. From all indications, what has been “media campaigning” under Nixon may approach “media governing,” with the same panoply of communications innovations used by the new President to get his message to the public—undiluted, whenever possible, by press interpretation, analysis, or expansion.

One observation by Nixon in the closing weeks of his campaign bears repeating and remembering as he starts his tenure in the White House. It was

his remark that he would debate only on national television, "where the people themselves can judge rather than having it judged by the press. . . ." He didn't mean he thought the press would be unfair, Nixon said, but "every individual now likes to be his own judge. . . ." This observation certainly is valid, but also self-serving for any public figure.

If the words of all politicians could be counted on to deliver the full and unadulterated facts to the public, uncolored by campaign rhetoric, maybe the press would be only an intrusion. But that is not the history of politicians in political campaigns. Too often in Nixon's own bid for the White House—as in the "citizens' panel" shows—there were elements of gimmickry in the use of television. Most questions, though not rehearsed, were patsies for an experienced Q-and-A man like Nixon, coming from panelists uneasy about their own appearance, grammar, and diction. And no candidate ever had a more benign straight man than Nixon had in Bud Wilkinson, whose moderating was as predictably solicitous as his Oklahoma football teams were predictably ferocious.

By contrast, on the first occasion in two years that Nixon consented to face aggressive, professional newsmen on a nationwide network panel—on *Face the Nation* only ten days before the election—he did not come off at all like the smooth, confident, all-knowing star of his staff-supervised productions. The panelists gave him a going-over, and he squirmed. One drew the distinct impression during the campaign that Nixon was interested in the direct approach to the public not so much for its own sake as for the opportunity it afforded to bypass the pesky press and its disturbing penchant for stirring up sleeping dogs. It will not be surprising if Nixon continues to show a preference for eliminating the reporter-middleman whenever he can.

John F. Kennedy, after all, did the same thing when he entered the White House. He swept aside the protests of the writing press that televised news conferences made them mere spear-carriers in a public-relations extravaganza. Kennedy turned his photogenic charm and quick wit on the public and the squawks of the spear-carriers soon were drowned in cheers of acclaim. The fact that Kennedy was more highly regarded than Nixon by the

newsmen who covered him, and had more and closer friends among them, did not prevent Kennedy from trying to end-run them. To expect Nixon to do less would be naive.

In his first press conference as President, on January 27, Nixon adhered to the formal, televised format, handling himself with assurance and answering with lucidity. But he was starting with a clean slate; the questions were predictable and for the most part benign. An evaluation of his use of the press conference will have to await more controversial days.

Lesson in enterprise

During the transition, however, there was one obvious example of bypassing the press: Nixon's decision in December to announce his cabinet appointments all at once in a well-staged television extravaganza. New cabinet members usually are named one or two at a time, giving the writing press the time and opportunity to pick each new appointee apart for days afterward in the traditional think pieces of a presidential transition period. Nixon clearly wanted his cabinet to be evaluated as an entity, and evaluated by the public as he presented it, without having his evaluation filtered through the press. Accordingly, every effort was made to keep the identity of the cabinet secret until the President-elect presented it on television.

When the writing press complained that television would be handed a clean beat on a major story, arrangements were made to brief reporters two-plus hours before Nixon went on camera. But they were to be locked into the briefing room and not permitted to file or telephone until ninety minutes before air time, with an embargo imposed against any story hitting the street before the television show started.

The upshot of the whole episode was a sound lesson in journalistic enterprise administered to the Nixon organization by the leading American newspapers and wire services. By the morning of the day on which the President-elect was to make his television presentation, the identity of every single member of the twelve-man cabinet had been ferreted out and announced to the public by the

press! *The New York Times* used its wide-ranging staff to help its chief Nixon-watcher, Robert B. Semple, turn out a page-one story with all twelve names and their correct cabinet slots; *The Washington Post*, the *Los Angeles Times* and most other newspapers staffing the Nixon transition headquarters in New York managed also to put together all or most of the twelve-man list.

Nixon, to his credit, took the press performance in good spirits when he appeared before reporters at the transition headquarters that morning. He told them he was going on television that night to "confirm" the appointments made in the morning papers. Had the same massive leak happened to Lyndon B. Johnson, twelve men might have been out of cabinet jobs even before they had a chance to assume them. In this respect at least, Nixon already appears to have a more rational, sensible view of the combat between President and press than Johnson ever demonstrated.

An innovation

Also on the plus side in appraising the new President's press policy are early indications that when Nixon does make himself available — obviously when he is ready to be interrogated — he may be more expansive than Presidents usually can be in the completely on-the-record, live television press conference. During the transition period, he initiated the technique of appearing first on the record, before the cameras and recording equipment, then going into what he called an "on-the-record backgrounder," with everything he said attributed directly to him, but with cameras and tape recorders off.

After the first of these, in introducing Dr. Henry A. Kissinger of Harvard as his national security adviser, Nixon told reporters the format permitted the radio and television newsmen to get sufficient material to meet their spot-news needs, and then opened the door to freer discussion for the writing and analyzing press. Newcomers to public attention like Kissinger, Nixon said, are likely to be less relaxed if the cameras and lights are on them. The same, of course, can be said even of veterans like Nixon. It is, nevertheless, an interesting and

even promising innovation, if it tends to make the President more expansive in explaining his actions. The big question, of course, is whether he will be just as available and just as expansive when the subject under discussion is controversial, or if the President or his administration is under attack.

Czar or friend?

More interesting than any other innovation of the Nixon administration—and potentially more threatening—is the appointment of Herbert G. Klein, a former editor of the *San Diego Union*, to the newly created post of "director of communications for the executive branch of the federal government." Klein, a longtime press adviser to Nixon and his ranking press aide in 1960, 1962, and 1968, has described his job as one of "coordinating" the activities of the various departmental information officials to assure a freer flow of news and to lessen the tendency to wait for the White House to clear everything. Because Nixon was elected by a public that had lost confidence in its President, Klein says, one of the priority jobs is to close "the credibility gap" and to restore that lost confidence by conducting what Nixon himself called "an open administration."

There probably never has been a high-ranking information chief who has not started out by saying his goal is to increase the flow of news. Klein deserves an opportunity to produce on his words because as an editor he was active in journalistic freedom-of-information projects and is thoroughly familiar with all the in-house arguments for the public's "right to know" and against the need of government to "speak with one voice." Klein says he flatly rejects the 1962 statement of Arthur Sylvester, then assistant secretary of defense for public affairs, that a government "has the right to lie" to save itself in the approach to a nuclear confrontation, like the Cuban missile crisis. What a government in that kind of spot must do, Klein says, is "say nothing that it can't back up"—decline comment if a truthful answer will compromise or jeopardize national security.

It is not surprising to hear that elemental truth from a former editor, but it is encouraging never-

theless, coming from the man who already has been dubbed by the more cynical among us as the new "Czar of Information." At the same time, prudence requires that the press recall that Sylvester had a long unbroken career of professional newspapering behind him when he took over the Pentagon information job and soon became the favorite whipping boy of his old colleagues. Klein, by contrast, has hopped in and out of the news business to work for Nixon. Old-timers who still think of the worlds of news-gathering and news-peddling in "us" and "them" terms are particularly likely to put the burden of proof on Klein.

Saying that the government should put out only information it can back up is one thing when the calm of normalcy prevails; it is quite another to say it when the government is under great pressure—either as a result of a foreign-policy crisis or because the truth will administer a serious political blow to the party in power. The danger of Klein's new machinery for "coordinating" the information policies among the various departments is that it will make covering up and buttoning up all the easier when the crunch comes. The performance of the Nixon campaign operation in the area of unimpeded news flow and access to the top in moments of controversy was nothing to cheer about.

Nixon's traveling press aide, Ronald Ziegler, served chiefly as a transmission belt for the approved word, and as a buffer whenever possible between the press and the candidate. The routine procedure was for Ziegler to field questions, taking them directly to the candidate only when pressured by nagging newsmen and hardly ever clearing the way for them to confront Nixon himself. That procedure has been followed since the election and is likely to be the *modus operandi* in the daily handling of the press by Ziegler, who became the White House press secretary in January.

Nixon has said he would be his own explainer of policy. This suggests that he does not want a press policy man of the James C. Hagerty stripe out on the daily firing line. Ziegler tells what he is told to tell, and little else; Klein will be the policy-level man in the information area, and he will not be bogged down in the answering of routine queries at the White House. He will be freer

than any other top-level information man in the past to set news policy throughout the executive branch, and if he can succeed with this new mandate to make the news flow more easily, then everyone will benefit—the President, the press, and the public.

But the news business, while hoping for delivery on the good intentions, will do well to keep its powder dry. Only two days after Klein announced during the November transition that he was out to close the credibility gap, Ziegler was dissembling on a Nixon meeting with Governor Nelson A. Rockefeller. When news of it leaked out, Ziegler said he hadn't known about it in reporting that Nixon had not met anybody at the time in question. But he acknowledged he did know at the time of a later press briefing but didn't say anything because "the question was not asked." It was a response right out of Evasion 2A in any good military public information school curriculum. Ziegler, who is only 29 but sharp, also tried to explain the incident away by labeling the Nixon-Rockefeller session "a private meeting." So, of course, were all the others the President-elect held with callers during the transition period, but the routine then was to identify the callers and often produce them for questioning in the press room at the transition headquarters in New York. Or was it the routine? The trouble with credibility is that it takes only one incident to undermine it. Ziegler expressed awareness of the press's concern about this particular incident and gave assurances it was an isolated one. In the months ahead, the Washington press corps—combat-tested in credibility reconnaissance and, some might say, in search-and-destroy after five years of Johnson—will be taking daily measure of those assurances.

"Open government"?

While criticizing such dissembling, one must applaud Nixon's instructions to his cabinet members, and Klein's advice to them, to conduct an "open government" with greater access of cabinet members to the press than in the past, and an increased flow of news from the departments. Klein's first performance, in making the new cab-

inet members available, inspired hope. It was two days before he produced them, but then he arranged helpful sessions with the new secretaries of defense and labor, and most others later.

In each press conference with a new cabinet member, however, a firm rule laid down by Nixon himself and repeated by Klein was invoked—that the prospective department head was not to speak on substantive matters dealing with policy that still was the responsibility of the outgoing Johnson cabinet members. It was an obvious effort to avoid committing the new administration prematurely and to maintain flexibility until the assumption of national power—understandable objectives. But this rule itself has pitfalls. The designated secretary of the treasury, David M. Kennedy, in trying to adhere to the rule in his first press conference, would not say flatly that he supported retention of the existing U.S. price for gold; his words caused a tremor in the world monetary market that required Nixon himself to break the no-substance rule and say he favored retaining the existing price.

Now that the new administration has taken over, of course, no prohibition on discussion by cabinet members of unclassified substantive matters of policy is valid. A new administration that tells a nation weary of “the credibility gap” that it will practice “open government” is putting itself on the firing line right off. The assurances are welcomed by the Washington press corps, but the new President, his cabinet, and his communications director can be certain their good intentions will be thrown up to them at every opportunity if they don’t deliver on them.

Polls—how they failed

The 1968 performance of the two major pollsters, George Gallup and Louis Harris, was something like pulling out the World Series in the last of the ninth inning of the seventh game. Battered and maligned all year, and particularly after their organizations’ Alphonse-Gaston act on the Nixon-Rockefeller standings the week before the Republican convention, they came through on Election Day. Gallup had Nixon slightly ahead on the

weekend before the election, but within the admitted margin of error that made the outcome “too close to call.” Harris had Hubert Humphrey slightly ahead within the same margin. Both men said it would be a cliff-hanger. They were right.

Nevertheless, no amount of Election Day accuracy could erase the confusion that existed in the public mind last year about polling itself. How could Nixon and Humphrey be so far apart in one survey and so close in the next one? The question reflected the pollsters’ inability to get across to the public—and to many in the news business—that they don’t predict how people will vote in the future, but merely seek to measure public opinion at any given time. Their explanation that 1968 was an extremely volatile year producing great uncertainty and changeability in the electorate ought to have been adequate to justify the wide early variations in the polls. But it wasn’t. For one reason or another, the basic concept that the preferences of the great American nation can be measured by interrogating a sample of 1,500 persons had not been persuasively presented, and poll-taking’s reputation suffered for it.

So, unfortunately, did the reputation of the news business, which has financed and made such heavy use of the pollsters’ findings. For that reason, editors and publishers would do well between now and the next presidential election to require the public-opinion samplers to spell out more clearly and more convincingly the validity of their premises and techniques. The news business itself needs to pay more attention too to telling what makes the polls tick—and to exploring and reporting on the squabbles that go on among the pollsters on methodology, ethical practices, and collective action to protect the good name of the polling industry. Nothing better epitomizes the national revolt against the dehumanizing aspects of American society than the public resentment toward the idea that polls can say how people are going to vote. No matter how accurate the polls may be in the end, there are going to be hordes of readers who continue to say “you can’t believe the polls”—and hope it’s so. It is in the mutual interest of the measurers of public opinion, and of those who print their findings, to combat this essentially destructive attitude.

Television for the black community

By LAWRENCE PINKHAM

It has now been nearly a year since the National Advisory Commission on Civil Disorders cited white racism as the prime cause of racial conflict in America and set forth a series of proposals amounting to a kind of domestic Marshall Plan to reunite a deeply divided nation.

Much has been said and written about the commission's recommendations, but little has been done. However unfortunate this general inaction may be, it takes on overtones of irony when one considers that the commission's recommendations for the media—particularly the proposals relating to television—were inadequate in the first place.

In a single chapter devoted to the media in its report, the commission set forth a series of proposals—assignment of newsmen on a regular basis to cover the ghetto, more Negro broadcasters appearing regularly on television, workable guidelines for responsible riot coverage, an Institute of Urban Communications to provide education and research. But even if all these proposals are put into effect—and they must be—they will not be sufficient to make a serious impact on a nation wracked by its deepest social crisis since the Civil War.

If real results are to be obtained, the roles of the media—and particularly of television—must be approached with the same sense of urgency, the same recognition of the need for extraordinary action, that the report evinced when it addressed itself to employment, housing, and education.

This article is based on a paper delivered by Lawrence Pinkham, an associate professor of journalism at Columbia, at a conference in 1968 at the University of Chicago Center for Policy Study. The conference papers have been published under the title The Media and the Cities.

It is generally conceded that television is meant to serve the public whose airwaves it is licensed to use. This concept is codified in the Federal Communications Act, and is enforced, in theory at least, by the Federal Communications Commission. Moreover, there is a growing school of thought that maintains that use of all media is a public right guaranteed by the First Amendment.

In practice, however, service to the public has been narrowly defined. Emphasis has been placed on the presentation of news, on the showing of an occasional documentary, and on the offering—usually in slack viewer time—of programs devoted to religion or education, lumped together in a category vaguely defined as “public affairs.”

No matter how well intentioned this approach may be, it is far too limited to deal with the problems of a racially divided nation. Under the best of circumstances, it can do no more than provide a fragmented view of “the degradation, misery and hopelessness” (in the words of the report) of life in American ghettos.

To make a true contribution to the betterment of the black community and to work toward eventual transformation of the society as a whole, television must move beyond these limiting journalistic concepts and devote large amounts of time to programming *of, by, and for* the black community. (This is not to say that white communities do not need this kind of programming, or that they are currently getting it. It is simply that the worst of the nation's evils today reside in its ghettos and the ghettos are most in need of immediate help.)

For the sake of argument, it might be suggested that the amount of time devoted to this type of programming in the black community be calculated on a scale proportionate to the place of the Negro in the nation's population. On a national level, this would mean that 10 per cent of *all*

programming on *all* networks would originate in, and be designed to aid, the nation's black communities.

On a local level—based on 1965 estimates of the Negro population of the country's thirty largest cities—it would mean that stations in Washington, D.C., would devote 66 per cent of all available time to programming aimed specifically at the ghetto. Stations in four other cities (Atlanta, Memphis, Newark, New Orleans) would each devote more than 40 per cent. In five cities (Baltimore, Cleveland, Detroit, Philadelphia, St. Louis) the time required of each station would be more than 30 per cent. In seven others (Chicago, Cincinnati, Dallas, Houston, Indianapolis, Kansas City, Pittsburgh) it would be more than 20 per cent. And seven more (Boston, Buffalo, Columbus, Los Angeles, Milwaukee, New York, San Francisco) would be above the national average of 10 per cent.

This may not be a practicable yardstick, but in a nation in which, by the testimony of the report the media address themselves solely to a white audience, it has implications worth considering.

No less important than the amount of time allotted to this type of programming is the fact that it must be controlled not by whites but by residents of the ghetto themselves. They must be provided with all possible assistance to help them get on the air, with equipment and personnel placed at their disposal. But decisions as to what is shown and who appears must be left solely to them.

In the minds of many, this will raise the perennial question of who is a "responsible" Negro, of who, in a given community, can speak with legitimate authority for the black man. This question derives from attempts by whites who currently write news to avoid giving air time to "leaders" they suspect have little or no real following. As such it has no relevance to the kind of programming discussed here. The Negro, *any* Negro, can speak for himself if given the chance. There will undoubtedly be militants, even revolutionaries, among those who appear, and they will undoubtedly say things that white Americans do not like to hear. Yet they, like others, must be allowed to state their views. That is no more than simple

adherence to principles of democracy and freedom of speech.

It also must be understood that programming of this type should not consist solely of individuals expressing "views." Content should be varied and should take into account all aspects of community life. Organizations ranging from groups with broad political programs to those concerned with life on a single block can be shown pursuing their daily activities. There can be entertainment and social events, explanation of services available from federal, state, and local agencies, instruction in such basic matters as health, hygiene, and the extermination of rats, information on jobs and instruction in skills required to obtain them. There can be two-way telephone hookups in which ghetto residents can express grievances to, and receive answers from, appropriate local officials whose faces can be seen and whose sincerity can be judged. There can be discussion of Negro thought, history, and culture, which, as the report notes, the media have traditionally ignored.

Wherever possible, this type of programming should be live. Remote units should be utilized and production centers should be established in store fronts throughout the black community. Among other benefits flowing from the establishment of local centers would be the creation of interest among Negro youth, who would be given an opportunity to learn production skills and who would eventually take over responsibility for getting programs on the air.

Editing should be avoided. The tone should be relaxed, and the viewer should feel he is a participant in the events unfolding on the screen.

At the outset, programming of this kind would draw its largest audience from, and be of most benefit to, the Negro community itself. Eventually, whites would begin to watch, and the demonstrated fact that Negroes in pursuit of their daily lives are human beings like everyone else might help reduce stereotyped thinking and contribute to understanding between the races.

In considering how this sort of extended programming can be achieved, one must ask first whether it can be done by commercial television.

To ask the question is to answer it.

Nationally and locally, commercial television is

tied to the necessity to make a profit, and network presidents and local station managers would be among the first to agree that it would be unprofitable to devote several evenings of prime time and large portions of Saturday and Sunday, every week, to programs originating in and produced by the black community. American purchasing power resides in the pockets of whites, and as the report itself implies, advertisers, who are the financial backbone of commercial television, insist on the showing of white programs that will appeal to white audiences with money to spend.

Indeed, a strong argument can be made that commercial television, with its reliance on revenue from advertising designed to appeal to consumers in an affluent society, is by its very nature a force contributing to violence and social disruption rather than a force capable of enhancing the public good. By the estimate of the Census Bureau, 87.7 per cent of non-white households in the nation have television sets. And on the commercial channels of these sets there appear with relentless regularity sixty-second enticements beyond the wildest dreams of Negroes in the slums:

Corpulent men — corpulent *white* men — saw their way through three-inch slabs of filet mignon while languidly winging their way to exotic pleasure spots. Exquisitely clothed women — *white* women — caress the gleaming contours of slowly revolving automobiles and suggest in supple tones that possession of one will open the way to manhood and undefined but clearly identifiable pleasure. In the world of the television commercial, there is not even a bank that will not force money into your pocket if you so much as approach its door.

A little less than \$3 billion worth of conscious illusion is flashed before the American viewer each year, and for those who are within reach of at least some of the products advertised, the illusion is supportable. For those who are not, for those who, when the set goes dark, are still caught in the doomed cycle of poverty and blocked escape, the illusion becomes merely a taunting frustration.

Marshall McLuhan has said that the medium is the message, and in a certain context he is quite probably right. But as a colleague of mine has so aptly put it, the *message* is also the message, and

the message of commercial television, conveyed to the Negro viewer even in the middle of news programs and documentaries, is that the Good Life is possible through the possession and consumption of products — products, he is told, he has every right to want, even, in the subliminal language of the successful commercial, products he has every right to have.

Little wonder that anger grows — anger and hatred and the unarguable conclusion that the only way the Negro can get what he is supposed to want, indeed what he is told so subtly he is supposed to have, is to cop for himself.

In this sense, disorder and looting are in fact a kind of corrupted aspiration, an attempt, however chaotic and destructive, to respond to the enticements with which the Negro is bombarded, day in and day out, and turn the illusion, in whatever way he can, into reality.

Commercial television must be made to perform as responsibly as it can within its given profit structure, and efforts to achieve socially productive programming must focus on an alternative.

This alternative exists, but there is nothing in the report to suggest that the commission had any awareness of it. Even the chapter specifically devoted to the media makes no mention of it, either directly or by implication. Yet, as an instrument for bringing about the kind of fundamental change the commission deems necessary, it is clearly one of the nation's most valuable, and least used, assets.

I refer to what has come to be called, in the language of the Carnegie Commission report of 1967, Public Television. Its growth has been arduous, but it now exists on a local level in the form of 158 non-commercial stations capable of reaching about 85 per cent of the nation's population, with nearly all of this audience concentrated in urban areas.

Public television, unlike its commercial counterpart, has plenty of time at its disposal, and its non-commercial structure frees it from the necessity to assault the viewer's consciousness with counter-productive advertising.

What it does not have is money.

At least a score of public television stations are already producing programs that deal with prob-

lems cited in the report. Many of them—WQED in Pittsburgh, WCET in Cincinnati, and KCTA in Minneapolis, for example—plan, or are already engaged in, the kind of locally controlled programming discussed above. But a lack of funding has limited these efforts to an hour, or a few hours, each week. If these programs are to be expanded, and others like them are to be undertaken on a scale that will make them an effective national force, funds will be required in amounts that only the Congress can provide.

The machinery by which these funds can be channeled to local stations exists in the form of the Corporation for Public Broadcasting, established by Congress in November, 1967, at the request of the President. The intent of the act that brought the corporation into being is to establish non-commercial broadcasting as a cohesive force in American life. Among other things, the legislation empowers the corporation to grant money to help existing stations and to facilitate the opening of new ones. It also charges the corporation with the responsibility to recommend a plan for long-range financing from all sources, public and private, free of government control.

The \$9 million specified in the act to get the corporation going in its first year was never appropriated. It was requested in the budget of the current fiscal year, but only \$5 million was actually voted. Similarly, a sum of \$10.5 million earmarked for construction of facilities in the first year was canceled, despite the fact that it would have made possible the opening of thirty new stations. It was then requested that \$12.5 million be provided for the purpose this year. A skimpy \$4.375 million was voted, however, and no new stations were opened.

The mood of the Congress is clear. It is one thing to vote a Corporation for Public Broadcasting into being and empower the President to appoint a board. It is quite another, particularly with the dollar under severe pressure at home and abroad and a costly war in progress, to provide the funds necessary to make that corporation more than a palliative gesture in the direction of the Public Good.

Foundations and private organizations aware of the importance of public broadcasting have

sought to help. The Carnegie Corporation and the Columbia Broadcasting System donated \$1 million apiece to stimulate new programming. At best, these sums are meager in proportion to the need.

In its 1967 report, on which the act is based, the Carnegie Commission stated that operation of the Corporation for Public Broadcasting "will require from Federal funds approximately \$40 million in its first year and \$60 million a year in the following years, allowing for a moderately rapid buildup." Since that time it has become clear that even a "moderately rapid buildup" will be insufficient to meet the needs of a nation so deeply divided.

In the summary of its findings, the President's Advisory Commission states:

"The major need is to generate new will — the will to tax ourselves to the extent necessary to meet the vital needs of the nation."*

It is unfortunate that the commission failed to put pressure on Congress to generate that will on behalf of public broadcasting which, given the means, could play a primary role in the struggle to achieve a just society.

*Limitations of space forbid discussing specific ways to levy taxes. I should note, however, that I prefer the method proposed by Joseph H. McConnell, a member of the Carnegie Commission, who reasoned that it was the depressant effect of advertising that kept commercial television from rising to distinguished levels in programming and made necessary the creation of an alternate system of public television in the first place. Carrying the point to its logical conclusion, he stated: "I suggest that those who are licensed to use the airways in the 'public interest' — the television stations — should at least share in the cost of Public Television. If they should pay a franchise tax for that purpose, we can assume...that this would be passed along to the purchaser — the advertiser." Thus, advertisers would be compelled to reimburse the public for the privilege of using the nation's airways to pile up profits.

The Army way: news management at Fort Hood

By JEFFREY D. ALDERMAN

There is nothing so dull as an Army newspaper. Awards ceremonies, re-enlistment stories, and safety and bond drives are the meat and potatoes of Army journalism. The *Armored Sentinel*, the post newspaper at Fort Hood, Texas, carries these features as part of the normal bland fare. But last summer it almost carried something a little more interesting—an ad for a writing contest sponsored by the Summer of Support and *Ramparts* magazine.

It almost carried the ad. But when the representatives of the publisher were told about it, all 12,000 copies of the *Sentinel* were ordered burned before they were distributed. The *Sentinel* was not the only Army newspaper that failed to carry the Summer of Support ad, but the ashes of its entire run were symptomatic of the kind of unhealthy news management carried on, not only by the Army, but by cooperative community publishers.

There are two kinds of post newspapers: civilian enterprise and official post newspapers. The first kind is owned by a civilian who produces the paper free of charge to the post and sells advertising to local merchants to finance the effort. The second type of paper is produced by the post itself and is paid for by the government.

Despite the fact that Army regulations strictly forbid Army personnel to work at a plant that

produces a civilian enterprise newspaper, Army information men from Fort Hood—soldiers—go week after week to the paper's plant in Temple and put the *Armored Sentinel* together. These soldiers write, edit, choose pictures, do all the layout; the civilian publisher pays nothing for this effort. The Army also sends a truck to the plant every week to pick up the papers which the Army circulates itself, without cost to the publisher. The conflict of interest is obvious. Think of the money a normal newspaper would save if it did not have to pay an editorial staff; it would be cutting its major expense.

At Fort Hood the fortunate publisher is Frank W. Mayborn. He is head of Community Enterprises, which owns the *Sentinel*. Mayborn also owns controlling interest in the area's only morning newspaper, the *Temple Daily Telegram*; the area's only afternoon newspaper, the *Killeen Daily Herald*; and the area's only television station, KCEN-TV. He also runs the only AM radio station in Temple, KTEM, the nearby *Taylor Press*, and the *Sherman Democrat*.

Mayborn's newspapers routinely shield the Fort Hood area from stories potentially embarrassing to the Army. For example: there is a new-left coffee-house for soldiers in Killeen called the Oleo Strut; it is part of a movement that has gained attention in the national press. But judging from the space given it in Mayborn's paper, it wasn't even there, although a reporter was sent to investigate it.

Then there was the case of Nicholas von Hoffman, a *Washington Post* reporter who visited the fort and wrote that marijuana was widely used by the troops, and that the post was known to GIs as Fort Head. On July 14, 1968, von Hoffman's article on pot appeared in *The Washington Post*

Jeffrey D. Alderman served as editor of the Armored Sentinel from September, 1967, until his release from the U.S. Army, September 6, 1968. He also worked for the Temple Daily Telegram as weekend wire editor.

and was distributed across the country via the *Post's* news service.

The Fort Hood paper, naturally, was not allowed to consider running stories on the von Hoffman story. But neither was there coverage in Mayborn's papers of von Hoffman's piece. The revelation that there was extensive pot smoking at Fort Hood was no surprise to the local media, but they refused to mention it, even after von Hoffman printed his material.

And there was the case of Howard Petrick, a cook with the 2nd Armored Division at Fort Hood and an avowed and vocal Marxist. Petrick had participated in antiwar demonstrations in various parts of the country—sometimes wearing his uniform. This is strictly forbidden by Army regulations and officials at Fort Hood seemed ready to bring charges against Petrick until he enlisted the aid of the American Civil Liberties Union. The ACLU in turn tipped *The New York Times* to the story.

The Petrick story was only a few miles away, but Mayborn's local news organizations began to investigate only after *The New York Times* ran

its extensive story. It was later picked up by a few Texas papers, but not by any near Fort Hood.

Finally an editor at the *Telegram* decided the paper had a good story under its nose and could not avoid covering it any longer. The decision was made while the publisher was out of town. The editor sent a reporter to Fort Hood to gather information on the case and to talk to Petrick. After several weeks' work, the reporter came up with a long piece, which was sent to the publisher for approval. The publisher said that the story would not appear in the *Telegram*. It did not.

Another example of "holding hands under the table" was the departure of the 198th Light Infantry Brigade for Viet Nam in the spring of 1967. For one reason or another, many of the soldiers in the brigade were unhappy about going to Viet Nam; the night before their departure, they rioted. "Riot" is the only word for what happened that night, though if you read the *Temple Telegram* you would have been told that it was only a minor incident. The *Telegram* story said just what Fort Hood's information office said. The *Telegram* made no apparent attempt to discover what really had happened though it was informed that there was more to the story than what the Army had indicated.

I was on post the night of the riot and saw a truck turned over and windows broken. MPs told me that shots were fired and that some people had been seriously injured. Soldiers of the 198th ran rampant for several hours and MPs warned people to stay out of the area where the brigade was billeted.

"They've gone wild in there," an MP told me, pointing to the 198th area.

"Overexuberance," said the *Temple Telegram*.

Fort Hood's name also appeared in the national news when the commanding general made the colossal personal blunder of banning the July issue of *Esquire* on post. He thought it was a quiet move to prevent GIs from seeing a cover article on a group that advocates a union for soldiers. The news media found out and the officer, Major General J. A. McChristian, was forced to allow the magazine's distribution after all.

The only thing that the *Telegram* had to say about this event was a vague editorial that talked

"SUMMER OF SUPPORT" ANNOUNCES--

A WRITING CONTEST... FOR SOLDIERS!

MANUSCRIPTS IN ANY FORM--FICTION, POETRY,
PLAYS, ESSAYS--ARE ELIGIBLE. THEY WILL BE
JUDGED BY THE EDITORS OF RAMPARTS MAGAZINE AND
PUBLISHED AT THE STANDARD RATES OF PAYMENT.
SUBMIT ALL MANUSCRIPTS BY SEPTEMBER 15 TO --

"SUMMER OF SUPPORT"

407 S. DEARBORN
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

Copy of advertisement whose appearance caused
the burning of an edition of the Armored Sentinel

generally about the *Esquire* article. The editorial did not mention the banning of the magazine at Fort Hood. Referring to Andy Stapp, the leader of the soldiers' union, it said:

"Stapp associated himself with the so-called new left. But whether you are new left, original left or old left, the basic purpose is revolution and the overthrow of democracy by any means."

About the only other thing the *Killeen Daily Herald* had to say came in an editorial attacking the national press for bringing so much unfavorable publicity to bear on the City of Killeen. The *Herald* was disturbed that national reporters had called Killeen a "garish Army town."

Thus the Army at Fort Hood has been used to having the press in its pocket. The man who controls the local media is financially tied to Fort Hood through his ownership of the post paper. If he offends the Army, he risks losing his contract. (To be fair, however, one of Mayborn's employees, who has known him for twenty years, said this of him: "You have to say one thing about Frank Mayborn, he'd feel the same way about things even if he didn't own the *Sentinel*.")

Even so, local press flaps do not happen at Fort Hood, and the Fort Hood information officers are used to a docile press. But it is a different story when the national press converges on the post. When von Hoffman came to Fort Hood, the information officer talked casually with him assuming, apparently, von Hoffman knew which quotations were appropriate for publication. That is

the way the local media operate. The information officer found himself being quoted with embarrassing accuracy, as did the post's staff judge advocate who made the unfortunate remark that the Army allows officers who get caught smoking pot to resign while enlisted men are tried.

It is difficult to see how a publisher of a civilian-owned post paper and general media can avoid a conflict of interest professionally. The system fosters the kind of unethical journalism practiced by the news media of the Fort Hood area and encourages the Army to think it can shape the news the way it would like.

One solution to part of the problem would be to do away with civilian enterprise newspapers at military installations entirely. Publishers of such papers should certainly at least be prevented from illegally using Army personnel for work the publishers are supposed to do. But this is only a partial answer. A more comprehensive solution is strict reporting of the facts—all the facts—by the Army and by its civilian associates.

There are mechanics for this solution; they are provided by the freedom of information law passed by Congress in 1967. Under this law, the government is required to reveal public information which does not endanger national security. The use of this law or the threat of its use could be used more effectively by the press to force information the public has a right to know about the Army, and professional ethics should force the press to publish it.

Beyond recovery

The paragraph at right appeared in a *Time* magazine story (November 22, 1968) on two new books, James Ridgeway's *The Closed Corporation* and Jacques Barzun's *The American University*. The quotation attributed to Ridgeway actually comes from Barzun's book. Notified of the error, *Time* acknowledged it privately but made no correction in its own pages. Barzun observes that "infallibility has moved from the Vatican to Time Inc."

Professor-created firms

Both critics insist that college presidents should do more to break the ties that bind their schools to Government and business. But they do not suggest how to replace the vital advantages of Government-financed research that they disapprove of—the money for equipment and professors' salaries that might not be otherwise available. Instead, Ridgeway offers ethical safeguards. If colleges continue to operate as quasi-corporations, he says, they should be subject to public scrutiny, just as publicly owned businesses are. They must "cease being the firehouse on the corner answering all the alarms, many of them false. To recover freedom of choice takes two virtues, courage and self-knowledge. Acquiring the second means repeating on campus and abroad: *not all good things are good for us.*"

War news out of perspective

By JOHN McLAUGHLIN

The major problem with reporting the war is the problem of perspective. Is there too much reliance on mud-and-blood combat footage? Is there too much unrelated, indistinguishable and vague detail? Are there too few stand-uppers of the Eric Sevareid variety attempting to define what is being tried and accomplished in the war, and how the daily litany of casualties, bombing missions, and unpronounceable place names relate to background, history of the people, causes, and over-all war aims?

My visit to Viet Nam coincided almost exactly with the VC resumption of rocket strikes and their sporadic Saigon perimeter attacks after a two months' lull. On August 22 the VC gunners slammed twenty Russian-made rockets blindly into Saigon, rockets of the 122 mm. kind, which are reportedly the heaviest and most destructive in the enemy arsenal. I was quartered in the center of the city when the most direct hits of the assault occurred. Two rockets struck the National Assembly Building, situated between two luxury hotels in the heart of Saigon, the Continental where Graham Greene lived for a year while writing his novel *The Quiet American*, and the Caravelle, which houses the ABC and CBS offices. Another rocket hit close to the Oscar Hotel, also in the middle of the city, and about two blocks from where I was staying.

Reporter David Culhane of CBS described the early morning rocket attack as "sounding like the whole world was coming apart," and CBS cameras graphically recorded the strewn glass, bricks, metal and sections of galvanized tin roofing blown off the parliament building. Tony Sargent of CBS reported on a Japanese correspondent who was killed by flying shrapnel. The cameras drained from the scene all its living (and dying) color, relentlessly fixing on the correspondent's oozing blood, a neighbor's curious face, a woman overcome with grief, the doctor massaging the newsman's chest, and, mercifully, the

arrival of the jeep ambulance. Sargent's accompanying prose was a vivid but overheated journalesque.

What Sargent did not stress was that the rocket that killed the newsman miraculously spent its fury on an eight story garage next to the Oscar, that only one person was killed, and that there were none seriously injured. What Culhane did not stress was that the damage done to the parliament building was not nearly as serious as his edited footage suggested. In fact the building was used routinely the same day.

Both reports left one with the impression that Saigon was paralyzed by the VC assault. In plain fact, however, life and business in Saigon went on that day almost exactly as usual. I visited both these locations, and others, shortly after noon. There were no crowds, no traffic detours, no disruptions of commerce. Even the Christian Brothers' School, for example, which that same night underwent its third rocket strike, had no change in its class schedule. I do not wish to minimize the horror of the shellings. My point is that they must be seen in perspective. Horrible as they were, in no sense did they immobilize the city, as the Culhane-Sargent reports suggested, nor did they mark the beginning of a third, major offensive of the order of magnitude of the Tet assault, as the AP alarmingly intimated.

More important, what the CBS correspondents failed to do was relate these events in any meaningful way to the larger context of the war. This could have been done had they simply stood before the camera and read the report of their own Bureau Chief. This report, incidentally, is sent daily to the United States by the Saigon Bureau Chief with each day's Viet Nam film. The report is privately circulated to fourteen executives and producers at CBS radio and television—the radio news chief, foreign news manager, director of public affairs, the president of CBS news and the producers of the Cronkite program, the Roger Mudd show, the morning news with Joe Benti, and Harry Reasoner's Sunday night news. This daily analysis, culled from the observation of CBS' on-the-scene legmen and other first rate sources, is the CBS bible as to what actually happened during the preceding 24 hours.

The following is what the CBS Saigon Bureau Chief, Dan Bloom (just recently transferred to CBS' London office), logged on August 22, slightly abbreviated: "The attacks on cities and towns on the southern part of Viet Nam have increased in intensity and audacity, but it is still unwise to characterize them as the beginning of a so-called third offensive.

The Rev. Dr. John McLaughlin, S.J., is an associate editor of America magazine who visited Saigon in August, 1968. This article originally appeared in America for November 2.

The missing element is large-scale co-ordinated ground attacks. So far the enemy has not employed anything resembling battalion-sized forces. The Saigon attack was in three major areas, but the most impressive, of course, was in the downtown area. The National Assembly Building was hit twice, and the concussion broke windows in the Caravelle and Continental Palace Hotel. None of these attacks were followed up by ground attacks. Nevertheless the attacks are very significant: the comparative killed-in-action figures (1,108 enemy vs. 88 United States) indicate the senselessness of these attacks from a military point of view and strongly suggest that a motive other than military must be read into the attacks."

This is journalism at its best, a balanced record and assessment of events. But the program itself failed to hold the events in a similar perspective, despite Walter Cronkite's preliminary caution before the Culhane-Sargent segments that "it's still too early to tell" whether the enemy attacks signal a third offensive. It may be true, as Nick Archer, director of personnel at ABC says, that "If you look at television long enough you get the whole picture," even though "one story, one day with limited time on the air and restricted focus may be off the mark."

But people do not always catch shows on successive nights. Rather, they may accidentally watch a series of reports of exclusively combat footage which can lead to errors of impression. It doesn't take much time or effort to insert a sentence or clause into the script, and a half-minute's film sequence into the footage to prevent distortion. Televised news is so important (the majority of Americans

rely on it as their chief news supply, and regard it as the most credible of sources) that every news show, taken individually, should be balanced.

Comparing the coverage of the war by the Associated Press with that of CBS (the two most looked-at U.S. news agencies) during the week that I was in Viet Nam, I would invidiously note that CBS looked better. Throughout that week, the AP kept building its stories to suggest that we were on the threshold of a third offensive, like Tet. They kept making judgments of a quasi-military nature, and the tone of their pieces was too persistently lacking in restraint. The competition between the line services—the AP and UPI chiefly—becomes at times almost frenzied. They must vie with each other for acceptance by hundreds of foreign editors of newspapers who decide what to put on the front page. The inclination on the part of the agencies, therefore, is to sensationalize in order to win the acceptance of the editors. The television journalist does not face quite the same measure of intense competitiveness.

Despite my reservations on CBS and AP journalists, in my view the current CBS Cronkite program is the most interesting and reliable of the television news shows, and the AP is the more generally trustworthy and accurate of the American line services. Also, after visiting Viet Nam, I cannot but stand in awe of the dedication of the journalists in the war theatre and indeed of their valor. My concern here is with the radical effect of their communications, nationally and internationally. Because there is so much at stake, what journalists say and what they film must be gauged by the most exacting standards of professionalism and public service.

From THE ELITE PRESS: GREAT NEWSPAPERS OF THE WORLD by John C. Merrill (Pitman):

There is, in the midst of this desert of journalistic anonymity and mediocrity that is the popular and middle-level press, a small group of newspapers in many nations striving constantly to rise above the hodgepodge journalistic formula. These are the serious newspapers whose standards of editorial practice are conditioned more by an intellectual orientation and an idealistic vision than by a desire for mammoth circulation or impressive profits. Although they are serious in tone and lacking in flippancy so common in journalism, they are the really optimistic papers... These papers say to the reader in effect: Let us reason together; let us not shout and call names and wave flags and brandish weapons; let us be calm and traditional. These few notable newspapers found in some fifteen to twenty of the world's nations, often struggling against great odds, comprise the cream of the *elite press* of the world. (Merrill's choices for the "primary elite": *The New York Times*, *Neue Zürcher Zeitung* (Zurich), *Le Monde* (Paris), *The Guardian* (London/Manchester), *The Times* (London), *Pravda* (Moscow), *Jen-min Jih-pao* (Peking), *Borba* (Belgrade) *L'Osservatore Romano* (Vatican City), *ABC* (Madrid).)

The
serious
few

No business like news business

TELEVISION AND THE NEWS: A Critical Appraisal. By Harry J. Skornia. Pacific Books, Palo Alto. \$5.75.

At the 1964 Democratic convention, a CBS News executive asked a favor of the nominee for President: "Will you wave to Mr. Trout and Mr. Mudd, sir?" President Johnson obliged, and millions of CBS viewers watched the sort of little coup with which press agents rather than members of the working press are supposed to earn their living.

That simple bit of news management underscores a number of questions increasingly asked of television in its role as news medium. How many "news" events are primarily gestures directed at the television cameras? How many such events are stage-managed not by the performers and their own press agents, but rather by television's news impresarios, eager to put on a good show? To sum up both questions in a third query, to what extent is the content of news broadcasts determined by show-business values rather than public-affairs values?

At the time Mr. Johnson waved for CBS, that network was somewhat frantic about its losing fight to garner the largest audience for its convention coverage. Since NBC had apparently one-upped them by pitting two "anchormen" against their one, CBS had just thrown in its own two-man team. The ploy failed, but it did reveal the extent to which television executives measure news "shows" by the same yardstick—audience size—that they apply to entertainment offerings.

That moment of by-play in Atlantic City is one of many illustrations and quotations with which Harry J. Skornia reveals the pressures that bear on television news personnel. Ultimately, he asserts, the news departments are faithful to the television industry's dual allegiance, the entertainment values of show business and the socioeconomic values of big business.

Skornia's experience has been in educational and

government broadcasting, which may account for his devastating reprise of how the networks successively stifled educational radio, FM, and educational television. (The best quote in the book is William S. Paley, then as now reigning as head of CBS, telling the Federal Communications Commission in 1934: "The extensive periods we are now devoting to educational, cultural, and informative programs generally will not be shortened in the future even if the time comes when we sell more than 30 or 31 per cent of our hours to commercial sponsors.")

Skornia demonstrates that a news operation embedded in, and subsidiary to, an entertainment empire is affected by that connection in subtle but indisputably significant ways.

Commercial factors in news formats were noted, for example, by David Brinkley in his Elmer Davis Memorial Lecture of 1966. Attacking the "time-consuming, taxing and fatiguing trappings of the star system," Brinkley commented: "The world and the news of it grow more complex. . . . And the time when one man can give it to them is coming to an end. . . . Television's ancestor, the movies, promoted stars because they were selling romance and sex and adventure. . . ."

When newsmen become equivalent to entertainers, news is equated with entertainment. The same pressures that impinge on situation comedies and private-eye dramas come to be felt in news departments. Show-biz values begin to dominate news values, and eventually become news values.

Deliberately or not, television has adapted its sense of news to the old advertising bromide that advocates selling the public "the sizzle not the steak." For its nightly news packages, television's news personnel look for items that catch the eye and arrest the attention.

This point is noted in an article by a British student of the mass media, Malcolm Warner, in the spring, 1968, *Television Quarterly*. Warner says that "criteria used in news selection are largely subjective. . . . The executive producers very frequently use the phrase 'it grabs me' or 'it doesn't grab me.'"

However a news producer tries to clothe his visceral reactions in the formal garb of so-called "news judgment", he is grabbed, simply enough, by what he thinks will grab his audience. It is thus a short and inevitable step to staged news, so that the drama need not be left to happenstance. The television newsmen becomes a play director, and the events he stages may range from an innocent wave of the hand at a political convention to the incitement of demonstrators to make their protests more dramatic and, thereby, more newsworthy.

Television's acknowledged emphasis on news that is visual becomes an unacknowledged emphasis on the visceral. Perhaps it is only coincidence that the phrase "gut reaction" is currently popular. In any event, the television newsmen is usually a long way from Brinkley's concept of "well-practiced" journalism, which "requires time to get about, to see, to listen, to talk to people, and then to reflect on what has been said and heard."

It is not simply that the producers and stars of the news departments are at fault. They are the creatures of a system that wants news stars and "gutsy" news shows for fundamental reasons that go beyond subjective judgments about news values or even entertainment values. The most valuable aspect of Skornia's book is his demonstration that news judgments are indirectly but fundamentally shaped not in the newsroom but in the boardroom, which is dominated by the social and economic values to be expected in a corporate enterprise. He makes an issue not merely of the manner in which news and documentaries are presented, but of the more basic matter of what constitute acceptable subjects. He is deeply aware that news judgments are often more significantly revealed by what stays off the air than by what is actually broadcast. And what is, and is not, broadcast is finally attributable to the corporate nature and interests of the broadcasters, despite newsmen's protests to the contrary.

For example, *Television Quarterly* for spring, 1968, carried an article by an NBC documentary producer, Fred Freed, on "Television and the Academic Community." In it, Freed says:

Most censorship on television is self-censorship. I have never been turned down for a program I wanted to do for censorship reasons. On the other hand, I'm not sure I have ever asked to do one I knew management would not approve for these reasons. I suppose we are most timid about Congress and those government agencies which hold some power over us.

Without any apparent sense of self-contradiction, Freed goes on to say in the next sentence:

Sponsor pressure, which you hear so much about, has never affected any program I've done.

How can a man feel any more pressure when he has already bent so far? Freed illustrates a sociological truth many newsmen prefer to deny. Like other men, they are molded by the institutions that govern their lives, including their corporate employers.

BERNARD ROSHCO

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Real company history

TIME INC.: *The Intimate History of a Publishing Enterprise 1923-1941.* By Robert T. Elson. Edited by Duncan Norton-Taylor. Atheneum, New York. \$10.

Time Inc. is a glowing exception to the *Review's* frequent observation that newsmen scuttle their principles when it comes to doing company histories. Chief credit for this, it appears, belongs to the founder, Henry Luce himself: he wanted the book to be honest. Years ago, one of his minions visited Columbia's Oral History Office to learn how to build an oral history archive, and quietly began interviewing. The resulting transcripts, plus mountains of confidential memoranda, plus the editorial savvy of a *Time* veteran, Robert T. Elson, make this fascinating reading.

It is clear that Luce, in seeking to harmonize such diversely brilliant editors as Archibald MacLeish, Ralph Ingersoll, and Russell Davenport, was not the remote, mystical tycoon so often pictured in his time, but rather a groping, bruised, often puzzled pioneer in the jungle of group journalism. A long procession of journalists and historians will eventually get to appraising the man and his impact; Elson's lucid, forthright work should make it a little more fun for each of them.

LOUIS M. STARR

NOTES ON THE ART

Apollo 8: an effort in mass education

During much of the Apollo 8 voyage around the moon, the mass media not only kept the public informed about progress of the flight but also had to educate readers, listeners, and viewers to appreciate its engineering and scientific accomplishments.

Science writers often have to carry background pickaback along with the spot news. This was especially true with the Apollo 8 flight because it was truly the first of its kind and thus drew on new technical information. The newsmen sometimes got tangled up, although none of them moaned, as did one network commentator during a much earlier space flight, "Oh, it all gets so complicated."

Media were at their best when they were providing the vicarious excitement of the event. Television has no real rival for live coverage of a blast-off from Cape Kennedy; these broadcasts have been superb in full color. Television also was excellent in live reports while the capsule was orbiting the moon. Even the print media's later photographs were exciting in full color — an experience that was denied local newspaper readers in New York. (See, for contrast, *The Washington Post's* six-and three-column

full color pictures on page one, December 31.)

Glossaries of space terms give some gauge of what newspaper editors think their readers know. *The New York Times* of December 22, for instance, included such old-time favorites in terminology as Apogee, G-forces, Orbit, Perigee, and Revolution. All five had been listed on February 21, 1962, when Colonel John Glenn became the first American to orbit the globe. But the 1968 glossary was able to omit such 1962 terms as Gantry, Go, Hold, and Weightlessness. New for the Apollo 8 flight were such terms as LOI (Lunar Orbit Insertion), Re-entry corridor, and TLI (Trans-lunar injection). Such terms as Celestial guidance, Command module, Launch window, and Lunar module were listed in glossaries of both Apollo 7 and 8.

Repeatedly — and, possibly to some, almost like a cracked record — newsmen for both electronics and print warned the public of possible moments of hazard: when the engine might misfire or not fire at all as the astronauts sought to get out of lunar orbit and when their capsule hit the earth's upper atmosphere. There was little effort to disguise the risks.

A few newspapermen got fouled up in their descriptions of the pull

of gravity, failing to remember that earth's gravity, technically, operates throughout the universe but is predominantly powerful only near the globe. For instance, the *Minneapolis Star* (December 23) in a bobtail news summary oversimplified the matter: "The three astronauts became the first men to escape the gravity of earth." The Associated Press in a Houston dispatch two days later more properly explained that "equigravisphere" was "the invisible zone where the gravity pull of earth and moon are equal."

Reporters, especially on television, infrequently became tangled in differences between miles-per-minute and miles-per-second, a difference that would shift a safe re-entry into a fiery catastrophe. These errors generally were caught and corrected in short order.

Newspaper charts showing how the three-man team would operate had frequent built-in distortions. The ratio of the moon's diameter to the translunar course was about 1 to 100, but some newspapers printed charts with a ratio of less than one to four or five. Most of the blame for this lies with a NASA press-kit chart along these lines. In contrast, *Time* magazine (see illustration) had a near-perfect presentation.

HILLIER KRIEGHBAUM
New York University



Apollo 8 diagram from *Time*, one-quarter size

The erosiveness of error

The New York Times and *The Washington Post* are being euhched into a bad spot by the peo-

NOTES

ple in the back shop. Take a coffee break with students at State College, Pennsylvania, or College Park, Maryland, and if the talk turns to newspapers the students will groan. They like Herblock or Reston, but what goes on with those typographical errors?

If the chief offender is the bulldog edition of these worthies, then the downtowner may escape the frustration that passes for a way of life among out-of-towners. Vast numbers of laymen outside New York and Washington are convinced that not one dime has been spent on proofreading of the *Times* or *Post* in the past decade.

What newspapermen have to realize is that the layman is now judging journalism by the package (yes, Marshall McLuhan, we hear you). The television package may contain errors of judgment, but it is typographically (technically) pure. The audience is comparing the sleazy typography of the so-called best newspapers with the worst of the television shows, and newspapers are losing. Managements at the *Los Angeles Times* and *The Wall Street Journal* know this. The last time a clutch of careless boners was found in either one of those newspapers, Sonja Henie was still a cavorting teen-ager.

By contrast, the main news section of the November 26, 1968, *Washington Post* was the kind of nightmare we cannot warn about in journalism school. Tombstoning stories on the identical subject was bad, but the *Post* can take that in stride. And occasionally if Swaziland and Switzerland get

confused in the composing room, who's to notice?

Page one of that same *Post* told of an off-duty policeman who foiled a bank robbery. Readers learn that Private Leon J. Couture, 25, stopped three gunmen as they tried to heist a bank. Now see what happens next.

Couture was hit and knocked to the floor. His accomplices fled through the rear door to a car that had been left with the motor running. . . .

Yes, friends, the policeman's "accomplices."

Typographical slips caused, on page 6 and again on page 14, "Correction" notices, both involving incorrect food prices in ads.

Post readers are accustomed to this sort of thing. There are ads without store names or locations, jumbled prices, and similar confidence-destroyers almost daily in the *Post*.

But there was more in the same issue. On the editorial page, there is a letter to the editor from Cliff Sessions, director of public information at the Justice Department. What is Sessions' beef? Why, just that in a feature story on his boss, Ramsey Clark, the Attorney General was misquoted as saying that law and order in the United States today "is not a problem."

Fake 'Money' Was Painted For Experts

By Lionel Walsh
Reuters

BRUNSWICK, West Germany—The young restorer could scarcely contain his excitement as he carefully scraped flakes of paint from a nondescript picture of two nudes on a beach and slowly uncovered the signature "Claude Monet."

Slip in *Washington Post*, December 23: "Money" for "Monet"

What Clark said was that "law and order is not a program." The *Post* admitted: "Mr. Sessions is correct. The misquotations resulted from a typographical error."

Senators have been defeated on lesser slips.

In *New York Times* early editions the number of similar bloopers has similarly reached the inadmissible level. A newspaperman and friend can be charitable about these things, but when the general reader starts a paragraph about Peru and winds up in Atlantic City, he is bound to feel short-changed.

For generations, a certain breed of newsman has excused error in the name of speed. When newspapers with an international following start falling back on the same tired lament, the public has a right to demand a hearing.

We talk a great deal about sociological concepts in reporting today, about the need to relate news to the surrounding climate, and very little indeed about the package itself.

Maybe we ought to suspend the classes in news reporting, and start turning out some highly qualified copy editors and proofreaders. I know two newspapers that should take the first graduates.

ROBERT A. RUTLAND
University of California,
Los Angeles

From my quip-board

To quip, the dictionary tells us, is to make "a clever, usually taunting, remark; a witty or funny observation or response, usually on the spur of the moment."

For obscure reasons, however, reporters insist on using the word

to describe the dullest, most leaden of comments. The remarks are rarely advanced as humor by the people who make them; it's the reporters who decide to elevate the remarks into gems of purest wit • serene. Comments described almost daily in the public press as "quips" have about as much laugh-appeal as Hamlet's soliloquy.

During the recent presidential campaign, for instance, the Washington *Evening Star* reported that a group of students in San Francisco had walked out on Democratic vice-presidential candidate Edmund Muskie. The *Star* then described the senator's reaction:

"This reminds me of my campaign 14 years ago," quipped Muskie.

Now isn't that a grabber?

Jet magazine chalked up another:

Apprised of his nomination as chairman of the President's Equal Employment Opportunity Commission, Clifford Alexander Jr. quipped: "It's another challenge in my life."

Another gasser came from UPI some time back, when Sargent Shriver was still head of the federal anti-poverty program. Mr. Shriver appeared at a White House news conference with President Johnson, and Mr. Johnson warned that he planned to drop over soon to visit the anti-poverty office:

Then Johnson quipped that he "went over to see Humphrey yesterday, and he wasn't on the job."

"I was there," Vice-President Humphrey laughingly exclaimed.

Laugh? Mr. Humphrey was practically overcome.

The quip syndrome isn't confined to political reporting. To quote a *New York Times* profile

of a young labor negotiator who had just had an all-night session:

"It seems that youth has a place in marathon negotiations," quipped the 35 year old lawyer.

During the 1967 Ford strike, the *Times* reported a speech by economist Walter Heller, a witty man who occasionally does let fly with a quite legitimate quip. This time, however the *Times* had Mr. Heller "quipping" the following:

"If the strike ends by Thanksgiving, we will have something to be thankful about."

There are several possible explanations for this journalistic compulsion to hail as humor the most humdrum remark. The reporter may want to build up the man he's covering by assigning to him a number of warm, attractive qualities — including wit. Or perhaps the reporter isn't equipped with a sense of humor, and doesn't know a quip from a clinker.

Probably the most reasonable explanation, though, is that early in his career, the reporter had drilled into him, by some city editor or journalism professor, the need to avoid repetition of the word "said" in reporting what someone was saying. He has consequently accumulated a stable of substitutes that he uses indiscriminately and often improperly.

His subjects "assert" remarks actually advanced extremely tentatively, "suggest" ideas that are really stoutly maintained, "opine" when they are asking questions, "charge" when they are merely indicating, and "quip" when they are only trying, often rather uncomfortably and unsuccessfully, to come up with some kind of answer to the reporter's stupid questions.

This theory is supported by the quip-like synonyms that are em-

ployed from time to time. A number of reporters, for instance, like to have their subjects "chuckling" away rather idiotically, even though these men and women are only offering some obvious platitudes to keep up their end of a tedious conversation. Former Treasury Secretary Henry Fowler was a well-known Washington chuckler, and the *Star* last summer related this one:

Joe Fowler revealed a new side last evening. Long before he sank to his present job, he observed with a chuckle, he wrote sonnets in Latin.

The *Star* also related an encounter between Tijuana Brassman Herb Alpert and former White House aide Walt Rostow and Mrs. Rostow:

Both Rostows were chuckling later at the message Alpert sent their daughter, Ann, for whom Mrs. Rostow had asked Alpert's autograph. Hearing that the 11-year-old Ann plays both piano and clarinet and wants to play the trumpet and snare drums, Alpert, in addition to greetings, sent along this injunction: "Practice!"

Not too hard to get a chuckle out of those Rostows, is it?

The *Times* recounted a press conference to announce plans for a new Columbia University library. After brief remarks by two speakers, the late *Times* board chairman Arthur Hays Sulzberger, was called on and contributed this bit of hilarity to the occasion — or, to quote the *Times* more accurately, he "added with a chuckle":

"I think this is the first time a presentation has been made when there wasn't a long speech."

That must have sent them rolling on the floor.

"Shot back" is another journalistic signal that the reader ought to

be doubling over with laughter.

Not too long ago, there was a New York City movie premiere at which everyone was supposed to arrive in a vintage car. Senator Javits drove up in a "sleek blue Cadillac," however, and the *Times* reported the ensuing exchange:

"We've got 36 vintage cars lined up on Park Avenue, and you come up in this?" asked Henry Fonda, the actor.

"I guess we didn't have time

to make all the arrangements," the Senator shot back jokingly.

During the National Governors' Conference in Cincinnati last summer, the *Enquirer* managed a rare double coup, with both a "quip" and a "shot back" in the same story. It reported a project to take a plaster cast of the handprint of each governor, for preservation in a local hotel lobby as a memento of the Conference. A large batch of plaster was whipped up for the

occasion, and as Governor Rhodes of Ohio approached, this exchange took place:

"I want you to roll your face in it, Rhodes," quipped Gov. Norbert T. Tiemann, (R., Nebr.)

"I think you ought to sit in it," shot back Rhodes.

With wit like that, who needs statesmanship?

ALAN L. OTTEN
The Wall Street Journal
Washington

REPORT ON REPORTS

Items worth inspection:

REPORT TO THE PRESIDENT, by Elmer Davis. Edited, and with an introduction, by Ronald T. Farrar. Journalism Monographs Number 7, Association for Education in Journalism, August, 1968. Text of a previously unpublished report by Davis concerning the Office of War Information, which he headed from 1942 to 1945.

"Bad Show for Reporters," by Kenneth G. Gross. THE NATION, November 18, 1968. A reporter for the New York Post charges that coverage of New York's Ocean Hill-Brownsville school dispute has been "infused with racism," partly because of journalists' involuntary alignment behind police lines.

"The Lady as Publisher," by Martin Mayer. HARPER'S, December, 1968. A friendly but journalistically acute profile of Katharine Graham, president and majority stockholder of the Washington Post Company, publishers of the Post and Newsweek, and owners of miscellaneous broadcast properties.

"Crisis of the Constitution," by Arlie Schardt. THE NATION, December 23, 1968. A detailed account, by a Time correspondent who was just leaving Atlanta for a new post, of the problems of politics and penuriousness that keep the South's best-known paper from being as good as it should.

"Suburban Bonanza," by A. Kent MacDougall. THE WALL STREET JOURNAL, December 2, 1968. The Journal's publishing-beat man adds another to his roster of publication profiles—this one of Long Island's Newsday, the most successful new newspaper in the postwar era.

"Ocean Hill: Education, Community, Power, and the Media," by Agee Ward, and "Fourth Estate," by Morton Inger. Both in THE CENTER FORUM, published by the Center for Urban Education of the United States Office of Health, Education and Welfare. Two further items on the New York school crisis, the first-named being a general rebuttal to news coverage by a sociologist, the second a brief discussion of media problems in describing community opinion.

IN BLACK AND WHITE: A Report of the 1968 General News Committee of the Associated Press Managing Editors Association. A compilation of a survey asking editors what their papers had done "to be less all-white."

UNFINISHED BUSINESS

Passing comment

TO THE REVIEW:

While I am an enthusiastic admirer of *CJR*'s policy of criticizing the press—and I certainly do not except *The Times* from the need for such criticism—I was surprised by the superficiality of your comment in the Fall, 1968, issue on our controversy with Governor Agnew.

I think that the whole dispute could have well been—and still could be—the subject of a thoroughgoing inquiry by an objective reporter. Naturally I am convinced that *The Times* would come out very well from such an investigation. A great many loose charges were thrown at us and seemed to be accepted by some newspapers and commentators, even though a little reporting in depth would have shown their lack of validity.

Among these charges was the one that we ran our “anti-Agnew editorials” unfairly “late in the campaign,” to use your words. I would like to call your attention to the fact that we took a very dim view of Mr. Agnew's nomination right from the outset. We criticized him several times during the campaign, prior to the editorial of October 26 that Mr. Nixon seized upon for his denunciation of *The Times*.

In any case, October 26 was not so “late” in the campaign that an editorial of that date could not have been answered. Events fully proved that there was plenty of time to develop extensive replies which achieved wide circulation. The whole history of the controversy belies the “lateness” issue.

Incidentally, the news story on which the editorial of October 26 was based ran on October 22, a full two weeks before the election. No word of dissent came from the Nixon-Agnew camp until the following Sunday, October 27. I

totally reject your intimation that we engaged in a “last minute smear,” a charge that in my view is transparently untrue.

JOHN B. OAKES
Editor of the editorial page
The New York Times

The press and Chicago

TO THE REVIEW:

The community and suburban press has enough problems without the gratuitous slurs upon it by Jules Witcover in the Miscellany section to his article about the Democratic National Convention [“The Press and Chicago,” Fall, 1968].

I think that I should point out that the Lerner Newspapers took a very independent stand on the events at the convention and did not buckle under to civic boosting the way that the Chicago daily newspapers did. The *Daily News*, for example, ran a copy of the mayor's report on violence with space on the front to mail it to your friends. If that is good journalism, what school did that editor go to?

We had credentials for one reporter and one photographer at the Democratic National Convention, and covered it on a daily basis. Our political reporter, Sheldon Hoffenberg, was prevented from sitting in his assigned seat and wrote a devastating article about it for our newspapers.

In addition to that, I was an alternate delegate to the convention. On one night, I tried to sit in my assigned seat as an alternate, and it was filled up with people who were not alternates but looked to me suspiciously like precinct captains. Therefore, I found it necessary to sit in the press section, where I would hope Mr. Witcover would allow me to sit because my

seat was taken up by rooters for the mayor.

There are many community and suburban newspapers in and around Chicago, and a great many of them did a much better job of coverage than the Chicago dailies. I don't think it's necessary for Mr. Witcover to say in his comment that these people “presumably represented neighborhood newsletters,” unless that was his cute way of distinguishing a newspaper from a newsletter.

LOUIS A. LERNER
Executive Vice President
Lerner Home Newspapers
Chicago

Mr. Witcover wrote to Mr. Lerner as follows:

I was, of course, making facetious reference to the way Mayor Daley muscled his men into the periodical press section, a gambit that your own experience confirmed. It was the Daley wardheelers to whom I was referring as those people who “presumably represented neighborhood newsletters”—which of course they did not.

As one who broke in on a weekly newspaper, and has never worked any harder in any job since, I assure you I would be the last to derogate the role of the community and suburban press.

The Kerner Report

TO THE REVIEW:

I would like to correct the completely erroneous impressions created in Richard Rosenkranz's article on inner city coverage in the fall issue of the *Columbia Journalism Review*. The author creates the impression that WMAL-

UNFINISHED BUSINESS

tv has done nothing in the way of inner city coverage in the Nation's Capital and that our news department consists of one film crew and one reporter.

Particularly since the riots last April, we have redoubled our efforts at inner city coverage. We started by retaining a Negro research specialist. He interviewed more than 100 decision-makers to determine the most productive approach. The result was that we mounted a continuing series of in-depth news stories. These "vignettes," as we call them, stress positive inner city rebuilding programs. We have done more than forty of these stories, both radio and television. We coupled this with a continuing campaign of spot announcements to gain money and volunteers for inner city programs. We broadcast two special half-hour shows in prime time. One focused on job training programs. The other featured an all-day show at a downtown recreation center by inner city musical groups. We organized the show with the cooperation of the Mayor's special recreation unit.

This does not mean that we feel we are doing all we could or should in the area of coverage or hiring. And, in fairness to young Mr. Rosenkranz, I must say that much of the inner city effort described above had not reached the air when he interviewed WMAL-TV News Manager Paul Young, ostensibly to gather material for a thesis. That was back in the spring of 1968.

Mr. Rosenkranz' description of the WMAL-TV staff reminds me of a man returning from a fishing trip and saying "my friend Sol caught just one pickerel" and conveniently omitted the fact that Sol also landed three large-mouth bass and several perch.

Mr. Rosenkranz states that WMAL "had available during the

week only one film crew and one outside television reporter. . . ." He overlooks the fact that most of our street reporters serve both radio and television. Our street capability includes: five mobile units, a traffic helicopter on call for news use, the city's most experienced police reporter-photographer who cruises the inner (and outer) city every night in his own specially-equipped unit, our Washington News Bureau SOF crew which spends the majority of its time filming for WMAL-TV, and a three-truck "cinematography" unit (as documentary producers call them) which has spent most of the last six months in the inner city. We have 32 full-time news and public affairs personnel. They serve both WMAL radio and television. This includes the most seasoned Capitol Hill correspondent in broadcasting and the only reporter assigned full-time by a local station to cover the national election campaigns and Nixon's headquarters since the election. About a third of our twenty reporters carry silent cameras and tape recorders. We still believe in "triple-threat" men and don't equate good coverage exclusively with SOF crews and talking heads. We could run this up to well over 50 if we included technicians, film department and production personnel who work exclusively on news. Although financial figures are confidential, anyone familiar with station operation knows that the true cost of a major market radio-television news operation is not far from \$1 million a year.

In the past, we have avoided such "gee whiz" type listing of programs, personnel and equipment. But I feel obliged to do it here. Correcting an article in a quarterly publication such as yours is like changing a mistake on a cornerstone inscription. By the time this letter appears three months from now, Mr. Rosen-

kranz' statements undoubtedly will have been waved in our faces by at least one congressman, referred to by someone at the FCC and used against broadcast journalism by a newspaper columnist and at least one group of do-gooders.

THEODORE N. McDOWELL
General manager
News & public affairs
The Evening Star Broadcasting
Company
Washington

Mr. Rosenkranz comments:

Mr. McDowell conjures up a ghostly army of news personnel to knock down my scurrilous accusation: that his news department "had available during the week only one film crew and one outside television reporter." He mentions "a three-truck cinematography unit" but fails to point out that this unit is not involved in WMAL's daily news operation. He points to a tremendous symbiotic mixing of his radio and television reporters, a relationship I never noticed. Worst of all, he tries to make a virtue out of his skimpy news staff by boasting that he has "triple-threat men." It's hard enough to be a good reporter, covering several stories a day over a tri-state area, but Mr. McDowell pretends there's some advantage in spreading his men even thinner by forcing them to fool with cameras and tape recorders as well; the only advantage is saving money. One of the assumptions for my article was that local television news does a dangerously superficial job in many areas, especially in the priority area of racial problems. WMAL was simply one unfortunate example, a station which should be doing more but which seems to dote on doing less.



CORRIDOR OF MIRRORS

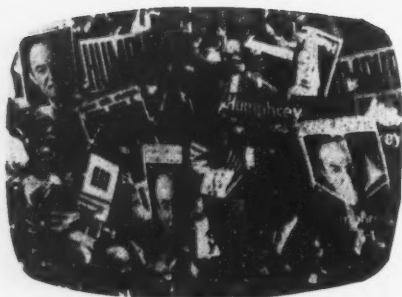
The television editorial process, Chicago

By THOMAS WHITESIDE

On one level, this essay is a report on the work of a television network at the Democratic National Convention in Chicago, in August, 1968. But it is also an attempt to illuminate many of journalism's most trou-

bling questions in this troubling decade: What is the true nature of television journalism? Why has its coverage at Chicago created turbulent public reaction and charges of bias? How does its presence affect a live news event? What is the nature of the "reality" it transmits to its audience? Mr. Whiteside, a staff writer at *The New Yorker*, suggests fresh answers. —THE EDITORS

© 1969 by Thomas Whiteside



On the afternoon of Wednesday, August 28, as the Democratic National Convention was called to order by Chairman Carl Albert on the floor of the International Amphitheatre in Chicago, I was sitting at the back of the Central Control Room of the Columbia Broadcasting System convention headquarters several hundred feet away, watching the proceedings on a bank of monitors and listening to the talk on the Central Control intercommunications system among the men who were in charge of various aspects of the CBS coverage. I was there to try to get some sense of the process of communication involved in the portrayal of a modern political convention by a great television network. As it happened, I was to get something else, too: a sense of the problems involved in the television coverage of a confrontation between the myrmidons of established political authority and modern political protestants.

Although the television editorial process embraces many stages of preparation and selection, for my purposes Central Control was the best place I could think of to take in both the final televised act itself and the flow of material contributing to it, and to obtain some feeling of the editorial judgment being exercised in the compilation of the stream of images that went out on the air to the tens of millions of people watching CBS on their home screens that day. Network coverage of political conventions is a massive logistical undertaking. For CBS in 1968, it involved the deployment, first to Miami Beach and then to Chicago, of some 800 people—engineers, camera crews, trouble-shooters and expeditors of all kinds, news writers, directors and producers, and on-the-air correspondents and commentators—and of perhaps two hundred tons of very complex and expensive equipment, including huge self-contained trailer or mobile van units housing a staggering array of electronic gadgetry, office trailers, and control rooms, as well as mobile electronic camera units. In addition to transporting all

this equipment to Chicago and arranging it in a cluster interconnected by a highly intricate wiring system, in a large warehouse-like area forming part of the International Amphitheatre building, CBS News had also erected, within the Amphitheatre itself, two fixed installations that overlooked the convention floor—its anchor booth for Walter Cronkite, the CBS anchor man, and a much smaller booth, very high up on one side of the Amphitheatre, from which the work of the CBS News correspondents on the convention floor could be directed. Also, just outside the convention floor, CBS had erected a large newsroom and another television studio, called the analysis studio, from which Eric Sevareid and Roger Mudd were to make periodical commentaries or to interview political figures.

Besides the Central Control Room, CBS had several other trailer control rooms into which television images flowed and in which editorial judgments were made. These included Perimeter Control, which received the output of cameras placed outside the entrances to the convention floor and from immediately outside the delegates' entrance to the Amphitheatre building, and Remote Control, which, with another trailer control room called Videotape that was served by five videotape recording and storage vans, received the output of electronic and film camera crews at the Conrad Hilton Hotel—the headquarters for the Democratic National Committee—and the Blackstone Hotel in downtown Chicago, and from roving crews on assignment around the city. Because of a long-standing strike of telephone workers in Chicago that made impossible the installation of remote microwave transmission equipment in the city, live coverage of activities in Chicago concerning the convention was limited to the International Amphitheatre. Thus, whatever images were fed into CBS headquarters at the Amphitheatre from downtown arrived there in the form of videotape or film sent by courier to the Videotape Room, from which it could be fed to the Remote Control Room.

From all the control rooms through which such streams of images passed, after a preliminary editorial straining that might select, say, the output of two television cameras out of eight that were available, tributary streams then flowed into Central Control. There, from a large bank of monitors, the shots that actually were to go on the air could be finally selected. Physically, Central Control consisted of two huge trailers placed side by side, with one wall of

each removed so as to produce a large unobstructed area, and this area was further increased by the addition of a fixed enclosure between the two open sides. The focal point of Central Control was the bank of monitoring screens I have referred to. There were five rows of screens and individual monitors identified by such titles as "CAM 1", "CAM 2", "REMOTE A", "REMOTE B", "PERIMETER A", "PERIMETER B", and so on. Before this bank of monitors were two long rows of consoles staffed by technicians and production people, including Vern Diamond, CBS News Senior Director; Gordon Manning, a CBS vice-president who is Director of News; and Robert Wussler, executive producer and director of the CBS News Special Events Unit. Wussler, who is in his early 30's, is a round-faced man with a large forehead and rather prominent eyes. He has a controlled manner and a flow of energy that round-the-clock working habits seem in no way to diminish. It was essentially through Wussler's marshaling of subject matter, usually minutes ahead of its actual appearance on the air, that the general pattern of the CBS coverage seemed to emerge. Wussler sat in the center of the second row of consoles, wearing a microphone-earphone headset, and in front of him he had an intercommunications box connecting him with each of the producers in the various sub-control rooms: Robert Chandler in Perimeter Control; Bill Crawford in Videotape; Casey Davidson and Sid Kaufman in Remote Control; Paul Greenberg in Floor Control, a small booth high up in the Amphitheatre from which the work of the CBS floor correspondents was guided; Sanford Socolow, the producer attached to the anchor booth; and Jeff Gralnick, an associate producer who sat next to and was the immediate liaison with Walter Cronkite, the anchor man, or, as he was sometimes simply referred to on the intercom, "the Star." Through an extra earphone I was able, while sitting in Central Control and watching the bank of monitors, to hear Wussler's conversations over the intercommunications system with all his producers, as well as with Diamond, who had responsibility not only for the direction of cameras on the convention floor but also for the exacting job of choosing, from among the bank of monitors, shots that actually went on the air. That Wednesday I was able to see and hear how, in this nerve center, CBS News went about the business of informing its audience on subjects that included the debate on the issue of that part of the Administration-backed platform dealing with the war in Viet Nam, and also, later on that evening, the

violence that was to erupt between police and anti-war demonstrators, and other events in downtown Chicago.

On that day, CBS had been on the air since 12:30 p.m. Eastern Standard Time. The proceedings at the convention were opened at 1:08 p.m. by Chairman Albert—only eight minutes after the scheduled time. (Three weeks earlier, in Miami Beach, the Republican National Convention had broken all convention records by actually starting exactly on time.) Now Chairman Albert started things off by bringing forward Mahalia Jackson to sing "The Star-Spangled Banner." Between the start of the CBS convention programming and the convention opening there had been a number of interviews with delegates by CBS floor correspondents. Walter Cronkite had told the television audience that the previous day's boom for Senator Edward M. Kennedy had been finished by a statement by Kennedy that he was not available for the nomination. (This alleged boom actually had never got beyond the stage of a few sputtering fuses, most of which had the appearance to me of having been lighted around the place by eager network floor correspondents rather than by Kennedy's men. I had seen how, after these correspondents had been pumping away for a few hours at the notion of a Kennedy boom, a number of hand-lettered "DRAFT TED KENNEDY" signs, got up by people who presumably were not unaware of what the correspondents were saying on television, began to appear on the convention floor. When the signs appeared, the television cameras that were endlessly panning around the hall searched them out as visual confirmation of the so-called boom. It seemed to be a case of Kennedy signs and Zoomar lenses encouraging one another.)

While Mahalia Jackson's image was on the screen marked *LINE* in the center of the bank of monitors in the control room, showing that it was on the air (this image was a duplicate of another, directly above it, marked *POOL*, which was the product of one of several cameras operated jointly by the three networks to cover proceedings on the podium), other monitors were showing a variety of scenes being recorded by CBS cameras, but not being fed to the air. On these monitors, there was a great variety of movement—shots in which one camera after another would be panning the convention floor, constantly zooming and searching, homing in now on one delegate and now on another. Sometimes the cameras would be just slewing around in apparently aimless fashion. The effect on

me was an extraordinarily dizzying one. It was something like watching the outside world through the windows of a train, except that as seen through adjacent panes parts of the scenery seemed to be moving not in one but in quite different directions. Through some windows, the view was flying to the right, through others to the left. In yet others, it seemed as though the train itself must have suddenly thrown itself off the tracks, moved sideways at express speed, plunged down an embankment, suddenly stopped short within a foot of a man's face. Then, as abruptly, it would reverse its course and pull off in yet another direction.

As I watched this array I could hear, on my earphone, Wussler talking with his producers.

"Next, we'll go to Walter," Wussler told them. "Walter will throw it to a New York commercial and a station break, and out of that if we can fit it in we'll get in that piece on the Illinois caucus—it's on Videotape Number Four."

"Bobby, there's a CND [Columbia news division] story that McCarthy is coming to the convention this afternoon," Gralnick's voice said, as Cronkite, on the air, said a few words that served as a transition from "The Star-Spangled Banner" to a commercial for Zest.

About 1:30 p.m., Kenneth O'Donnell had just finished telling Josh Darsa, a CBS News reporter, that Humphrey might well be better off running against Nixon, whom he called "the super-hawk," on the minority Viet Nam plank rather than on the majority plank. Then Greenberg's voice came in on the intercom. "Are you interested in Charles Evers? He's a dove."

"Mmmm, we just had a dove on," Wussler said. "I'd like to get a—"

"You want a hawk?" Greenberg said. "How about Governor Connally? The biggest hawk that ever took wing."

"Aaah, we've had him on the air so much," Wussler said.

"He's the biggest hawk on the floor," Greenberg's voice said, in eager tones.

On the bank of monitors I could see shots of Roger Mudd and Art Buchwald, who were sitting together rather glumly at the analysis desk, and of Cronkite in the anchor booth, and of Carl Albert on the podium. Alongside the shot of Albert there was a practice zoom-in-and-out shot of Governor Connally, who was standing on the floor with Dan Rather.

"Okay, let's go Rather-Connally," Wussler said.

"... Dan Rather is with Governor Connally on Texas on the floor there," Cronkite said, almost after an echo's interval. Instantly, the image of interviewer and interviewee on the monitor multiplied itself and sprang onto the screen marked LINE.

Rather said, on the air: "Governor John Connally of Texas, how do you think this platform vote is going to go?"

On the intercom, Greenberg said, "Bob Wussler, Mike Wallace is offering Burns, the state chairman of the New York delegation, on the possibility of nominating Johnson."

Connally was telling Rather that the minority plank "just does not reflect the feeling of the people of this country."

"I think they're getting down to business on the podium, Bobby. Boggs has the gavel," Socolow's voice warned on the intercom.

"Interested in the possibility of Chairman Burns nominating Johnson?" Greenberg's voice persisted.

"We're getting into Viet Nam, Paul, so we'll cool it for a while," Wussler told Greenberg. Wussler added, referring to the onscreen interview with Connally, "Wrap him up. Wrap him up!"

The order was relayed immediately. "Governor, one last question," Rather said, on camera, within two or three seconds, "How much of this is personal animosity to President Johnson?"

On the bank of monitors, I saw Art Buchwald being made up at the analysis desk. What he was going to say before the cameras—which was how much he missed the presence of Lyndon B. Johnson at the convention—was to be recorded on videotape for later use. Another monitor showed a delegate on the floor reading a newspaper. On the monitor marked LINE, Congressman Boggs was introducing Congressman Phillip Burton.

"And thus (And-a *thuss*) the debate begins," Cronkite's voice, with its characteristic syllabic pump-rhythm, sounded over the image.

"Love to use that Wallace story on Johnson, Greenberg. But we gotta stay on the platform now," Wussler said.

And, with the exception of a few intercutting shots of the hall and of individual delegates in close-up, the cameras stayed pretty much on speaker after speaker—in turn, one representing the minority plank on Viet Nam, one representing the majority plank, and so on—for the three hours of the debate. From the anchor booth, Cronkite intervened only occasionally. With this emphasis on straightforward relaying of the sound and sight from the podium,

Wussler's intercommunications system grew relatively quiet, with only occasional advisories: "Bobby, the Illinois caucus has just broken—112 votes to Humphrey. We have videotape coming back with Daley saying it"; "The spotter has told us that if the minority report is defeated the South Dakota delegation is going to set out to have people wear black armbands all over the floor"; "Dan Rather, offering a spot about Connally's people smuggling bullhorns onto the floor—they say that if the majority plank on Viet Nam is accepted they'll stage the loudest demonstration you've ever heard."



After about an hour and a half of the debate I went out of the Central Control Room, picking my way along narrow plywood corridors through a maze of CBS trailers, out of which, at the sides, great bundles of cables spilled, some of them fat like entrails, others finer, with multicolored strands like the exposed nerves in an anatomical drawing. I wandered around to the CBS newsroom, loud with ringing phones, urgent voices, the incessant rattle of typewriters, the line-by-line chugging of news tickers and the sounds of the CBS convention coverage coming from a loudspeaker near a row of three network monitors that also showed what NBC and ABC were putting on the air. From the nearby office of William S. Leonard, a CBS News vice-president who is Director of News Programming, I managed to borrow for a very short time one of the extremely scarce passes that gave the bearer access to the CBS anchor booth overlooking the convention floor. After running the gantlet of suspicion through seemingly endless checkpoints of Secret Service and other security men, I reached the doorway of a small producer's booth immediately adjacent to the anchor booth, and overlooking it through two glass windows. Through one of these windows I could see Cronkite, sitting in bright lights at the anchor desk, and behind him, even more brightly lighted and compressed into a garish mosaic, the crowd on the convention floor and galleries.

Socolow was there in the little producer's booth. Near him, a couple of people were tapping out, in oversized print on electric typewriters, pieces of copy for Cronkite to read before the cameras.

Socolow took me in to the anchor booth itself, and for a minute or two I stood between two cameras that were trained on Cronkite at the anchor desk. The red lights on the cameras were off momentarily, indicating that Cronkite wasn't on the air. Cronkite's desk was semicircular, faced with teak veneer, and it had set into its top, out of view of the audience, several monitors. Next to Cronkite, three feet or so to his left, was Gralnick, the Star's primary contact with the whole CBS communications machine that was geared to feed information toward him. When Cronkite and his whole anchor desk were visible on the air, Gralnick was out of sight because his seat was down at the floor level, so that he sat with his legs in a small pit sunk into the studio floor; this pit was filled to the brim with monitors, and when I moved over to one side to make a closer inspection of it, I could see that Gralnick's shoes were in a certain amount of debris—crumpled papers blacked with footmarks, an occasional sandwich wrapper. From this nether world, Gralnick's job was to cue Cronkite, to hand him bulletins, brief handwritten notes ("MUDD-SEVAREID NEXT"; "WRAP UP DARSA.") However, Gralnick, as he told me later, didn't have to sit in his hole out of sight too much, because usually the cameras could be trained on Cronkite so as to exclude him. At the moment, Gralnick was standing in his pit. Cronkite, swiveled around in his chair, was scanning the rear of the convention floor area—"eyeballing it" as one of his men described such a direct view. To improve his view, Cronkite picked up a pair of binoculars and focused on a particular area on the floor. Pierre Salinger had just finished a speech for the minority plank, and a demonstration was going on, particularly in the California and New York delegations, with loud chants of "Stop the war!" "I notice there are people down there who seem to be cheerleaders in these delegations," Cronkite told Gralnick and Socolow as he peered through his binoculars. "You ought to pass that on."

"I'll get that to Greenberg," Socolow said.

I left the anchor booth, found my way back to Leonard's office, and after an interval returned to the Central Control Room. Onscreen, Congressman Hale Boggs was making a summation of the majority plank. Off-screen, Greenberg, in Floor Control, was reporting excitedly to Wussler that Mike

Wallace had a story that a telegram had been received from Ted Kennedy that Kennedy wanted read to the convention; the telegram said that he supported the minority plank. Greenberg let Wussler know where on the bank of monitors Wallace could be seen: "He's right in that pile of people on Camera Three and he's also on Five. Five is probably a better shot." He added, pleadingly, "Can you go?"

"I can't go during Hale Boggs," Wussler said.

"This is really something. The opposition will have it on the air in a second," Greenberg said. "Dick Goodwin is standing near Mike. And vanden Heuvel. Mike can talk to them about it."

Wussler, for several seconds, was silent. Finally, he said, "We're going to give it to Walter right now." He repeated Greenberg's information for Gralnick's benefit.

On the air, Congressman Hale Boggs was saying, from the podium, "I would turn, too, to another area on God's earth—the Middle East. The Middle East, my friends... a powder keg..."

On the bank of monitors, the screen emanating from Camera Five zoomed in closeup on Mike Wallace, standing on the convention floor.

"We've got a clean beat on this—we've got to go!" Greenberg said.

Gralnick's voice said, "Bobby! Bobby Wussler! Walter says he'd rather *Wallace* took it if you want to cut away from Boggs—he doesn't think it's important enough to cut away from the summary."

"It's Teddy Kennedy, supporting the minority plank," Wussler said, in a tone of exhortation.

"I told Walter," Gralnick said.

Socolow's voice cut in. "Walter's point is that it's only a matter of another minute or so before Boggs is finished. *Then* we can go," he said.

Greenberg's voice came in, anguished from what he saw on his monitors upstairs. "Here comes NBC, for Christ's sake!" he cried. "Here comes Vanocur!"

"Well, we're moving! We're moving!" Wussler said.

"Yeah, but we're gonna lose it!" Greenberg said.

"Jeff, tell Walter we're going to go to it. We're going to go to it *now*," Wussler said.

"Come on!" Greenberg's voice said, agonized.

Gralnick, in a deliberate voice, said, "Walter says you'll have to bring Mike up cold."

Wussler did not answer immediately. "Did you hear that?" Gralnick said.

"Okay," Wussler said. He went on. "Wallace, stand by. I'm going to you *direct*. Walter will *not* intro it."

Gralnick's voice came on again. "Bobby," he said. "Do you realize you're interrupting a majority summation to deal with the *minority* report?"

Wussler, cutting his microphone off, leaned over and conferred with Manning next to him, and in a few seconds he told Greenberg that "we'll stay with Boggs and *then* throw it to Mike."

CBS did allow Boggs to remain onscreen for the rest of his speech. And then they threw it to Mike. I gathered that the Star was not pleased.

After the debate had ended, and as the state-by-state vote on the minority report was being counted, Cronkite made a reference on the air to "a considerable erosion of the pro-Humphrey vote on the anti-Viet Nam plank." A while later, Wussler broke in on the intercom to Gralnick, "Jeff, try to get Walter not to use the word 'erosion' away from Humphrey. We're getting a lot of heat from on high about this."

"I'll write him a gentle note," Gralnick said.

"Jeff, it's only the *word* 'erosion' they're objecting to," Wussler said. (This word had been used a great deal by Cronkite and other CBS correspondents at the Republican convention, and had been the object of some derisive comment in the press.)

Gralnick, after a few seconds, said, "Mr. Cronkite just answered the note with [enunciating carefully] 'I quit!'"

"Did he?" Wussler said.

Socolow's voice said, "And he gesticulated at Jeff so that Jeff would pass the word back to you and Manning."

"He's serious!" Gralnick said.

In the Central Control Room, I could see Wussler and Manning scrutinizing the bank of monitors in front of them with unusual attention. On the various monitors were shots of the podium, a close-up of a lady delegate with a large hat, a bleak-looking shot at the perimeter of the hall showing people wandering by with apparent aimlessness. On the anchor booth monitor there was the off-the-air image of Cronkite, leaning back at his desk and looking very annoyed.

But the Star had time to regain his composure as the business of calling the roll and registering the state-by-state votes in the convention hall went on. During this formal process, I was interested in how the rows of images on the monitors, normally so utterly restless and diverse in their movement and direction, became relatively still, with only an occasional zoom in and out from one camera shot of a particular delegation reporting its vote to the

next delegation in line. Then, when the delegate vote for the Administration plank exceeded the 1,311½ needed to pass, the whole array of monitors began moving once again, with an agitated, swarming quality.

As camera next to camera swiveled, slewed, and panned, and as images zoomed in and out among delegations, searching out subject matter, fixing on floor correspondents with their headsets topped by man-from-Mars antennas, their wireless microphones and instant questions, the bank of monitors in front of Wussler and his companions in Central Control took on, for me, the character of a sort of bazaar—a set of simultaneous visual offerings. I would almost call them enticements. Every camera at the convention, and every producer behind it or reporter before it, might be intended to serve as an extension of some central directorial sense, but I had a strong feeling that if he were such an extension, every man whose person or work was appearing on a monitor in Central Control was there also as an expression of a strong competitive drive—competition not only against the work of other networks, but against his own colleagues at CBS News. (“Believe me, every time that red light on the camera lights up and you’re *on*, you’re putting your ego right on the line,” the CBS News correspondent Hughes Rudd told me later. And Dan Rather told me, “Yes, I’m competitive, all right. When I go out there on the floor, I want to be on camera beating the other guy. I want *in*. I want to be the biscuit company.”)

The resulting, final image on the central air screen represented for me a correspondence to reality, but it was an image of reality peculiarly heightened and shaped, particularly by chronological juxtaposition of segments of simultaneously occurring images. It was an effect produced, really, by an editorial process unlike anything we have ever seen before—as different from any other editorial process as tennis is from croquet. Disregarding, for the moment, gross distortions of live actuality that would be apparent to everyone, it seemed to me that the nature of television makes it peculiarly difficult for one to divine its ability to perceive reality by attempting just to separate original action from the series of the electronic images representing it, because what is involved is not merely the subject before the cameras or the instant editorial process but also the immediate reaction of the universal audience. The reality of the televising process consists only of *the whole works*—an entire cybernetic complex of mutually and instantly adjusting elements, in which the act

of observation itself inherently tends to modify that which is under observation. The process is something like a man walking down a corridor of mirrors, along which not only his reflections change but the man himself somehow alters as he goes.

Sometimes the reflection even eliminates the subject. On Wednesday, the networks showed shots of delegates reading newspapers during speeches from the podium; on Thursday, the Democratic National Committee deprived them of the chance to get similar shots by having security guards refuse entrance to the floor of any delegates carrying newspapers. On Thursday, too, while Hubert Humphrey was making his acceptance speech, Greenberg, in Floor Control, noticed a little man behind Humphrey who was wearing a microphone headset. Using the CBS floor cameras as telescopes, Greenberg began to explore the connection between the behavior of this little man with that of the convention bandleader on the opposite side of the hall, who also had a headset and, it seemed, a copy of Humphrey’s speech.

Every time Humphrey paused for applause, a signal was passed to the little man by J. Leonard Reinsch of the Democratic National Committee, who was also sitting behind Humphrey. The little man said something urgently into his microphone, and across the hall the bandleader immediately raised his baton and had his men strike up hearty chords to swell the noise of the applause. Then Greenberg’s shots of the three men were fed into Central Control in the form of two intercuts, one immediately following the other, without any accompanying verbal explanation of the connection between the little man, Reinsch, the bandleader, and the applause. But when that happened, Reinsch, who himself was equipped with network television monitors, could be seen on the bank of Central Control monitors looking with suspicion at the shots he was seeing of himself and his crew on television. The result was that Reinsch said something to the little man, and thereafter, for a long time, when Humphrey paused for applause, the little man deliberately withheld his signals to the bandleader, who could be seen on the CBS monitors looking absolutely baffled that he couldn’t get the sign to do his bit in a Presidential nomination acceptance speech cued for music.

A while after hearing Cronkite declare that he was quitting, I ran into Mike Wallace in the CBS newsroom. Wallace is a gregarious, fast-talking man with a slightly pockmarked face that used to

look somewhat sinister when he ran an inquisitor-style interview years ago on New York's Channel 5. Wallace's expression now conveyed an air of cheerful, non-stop push. He had his headset off and resting around his neck. He was also wearing other elements of miracle transistorized audio broadcasting gear in the pockets of the gray gabardine vest that was standard equipment for the CBS News floor correspondents. Actually, these were fishing vests from Abercrombie & Fitch, specially adapted for CBS to use to hold batteries and miniature receivers and transmitters. "I have California with 174 delegates, and New York with 190, and eight other delegations to cover. It's hard to hustle around down there on the floor," Wallace told me. "The aisles are smaller than they were at the Republican convention in Miami Beach, and just *finding* people is so much more difficult. In Miami Beach, every Republican delegate wore a tag with his name and the state he represented. Here there are no name tags, and often no identification of the state."

I told Wallace that I had noticed on the monitors how delegates the floor correspondents lined up to interview were sometimes kept waiting quite a while before they went on the air, and that sometimes even after such delays the correspondents let them go; and I asked him if the subjects raised any objection to this waiting around.

"Very few of them are unwilling to wait," Wallace said. "Very few. Some of them are willing to do it to help you out, and of course some of them do it because they want publicity. They're acting out their thing, and it's difficult for them to act it out in solitary. I guess they'd rather act it out in prime time."



A little more than four hours later, after the debate had ended with the adoption of the Administration plank, the first of the nominating speeches—a favorite-son harangue on behalf of Governor Dan Moore of North Carolina—began, and I went into Central Control once more. Cronkite, on the

air, was saying something about there being no doubt that it was Hubert Humphrey all the way, and he went on, after a floor interview by Ike Pappas with Mrs. Frances Howard, Mr. Humphrey's sister, to say that he had got word that anti-war demonstrators were around the big hotels downtown and had got particularly unruly; they were even said to be battling in the lobby of the Conrad Hilton Hotel; he added that tear gas was reported to have drifted up even to Vice-President Humphrey's suite in the hotel.

Then Mike Wallace, interviewing on the floor, looked around and told Cronkite excitedly, "I see a battle going on over here near the New York delegation."

"Yes, I can see them carrying a man out bodily," Cronkite's voice said, over an on-the-air shot of Wallace, who quickly hustled his way over to the area of trouble. "Sergeant-at-arms, *why* are you doing this—*who* is the man?" Wallace cried.

The man was a Manhattan delegate named Alex J. Rosenberg, who, apparently after having become indignant at repeated demands by security men on the floor that he show his credentials, had refused to do so and had been collared by the security people. In the resulting melee, I could see Wallace himself being pushed around; his headset was coming off, but he somehow kept talking into his microphone:

"Now come the strong arms! The Chicago police, wearing hard hats." From one of the monitors, a shot of helmeted police with billy clubs, muscling their way on to the floor, became replicated and jumped to the central air monitor.

"Oooh!" Wallace said.

"Yes, Mike, I saw you shoved down by those fellows," Cronkite's voice said, on the air. Then, with increasing indignation: "A duplication of the Dan Rather scene last night." He was referring to a scene the previous evening when Rather, accompanying Georgia delegates who were walking off the floor, had been punched in the stomach and thrown to the ground by one or more of the security plainclothesmen at the convention—causing Cronkite to exclaim in front of the CBS audience, "I think we've got a bunch of thugs here!"

On the intercom, Wussler said, "Call in Dan!"

"It's a roughhouse situation." The voice of Dan Rather, who could now be considered something of an expert on the subject, and who had already homed in on the trouble, came over the on-the-air scene of chaotic milling around: "This is by far the roughest scene of the convention so far."

"Where's *Mike*?" Wussler said on the intercom. He was scrutinizing monitor after monitor in front of him.

"Bobby, Socolow tells me he thinks Wallace is under the anchor booth," Gralnick said.

"We'll look for him on camera," Wussler said. "Greenberg, where do you *think* Wallace is?"

"Under the anchor booth. That's where he went out," Greenberg's voice said.

On the bank of monitors, camera shots restlessly zoomed in and out and swiveled around over the heads of crowds.

Different voices came on the intercom:

"I'm told the police have taken him to McGovern headquarters."

"Are you interested in Senator Mondale of Minnesota, with Dan Rather—do him in a seconding speech?"

"Mike is in custody. We believe he's in one of the police trailers outside."

"Greenberg, who do you have on the floor?"

"Senator Mondale."

"No, no, no, NO! What *reporters* do you have on the floor?"

"It seems that Mike got into an argument with a cop outside."

"Senator Mondale is down on the floor with us, waiting. When can we get to him? He wants to go."

"The cop belted him. And they arrested Mike."

On the air monitor, there was a succession of shots following a speech by Governor Harold Hughes of Iowa placing the name of Senator McCarthy in nomination: people cheering, confetti fluttering down, people waving "Peace" signs and McCarthy posters designed by Ben Shahn.

Gralnick's voice, low but enunciating very distinctly, said on the intercom: "Downtown Chicago is blowing up."

"We have videotape in on the rioting," another voice said.

As soon as the McCarthy demonstration was fairly well over (and a total of seven commercials, relieved only by a station break, had followed), a section of videotape showing violence outside the Conrad Hilton Hotel downtown came on the air.

It showed a melee of blue-helmeted police and young people—from the tape, one could not call them demonstrators, because there was really no sign of anything as organized as a demonstration in sight. The police were running about everywhere, in and out of knots of youngsters, and clubbing and dragging them over to patrol wagons. On the ac-

companying sound track, one could hear a great deal of confused noise, yelling, boos, and an occasional bang, whether from the firing of tear gas grenades, the explosion of firecrackers, or some other cause, one could not tell. Over the videotape, Cronkite's voice provided a commentary that was based partly on a description of the material that had been provided by CBS people on the scene of the disturbance and partly on what he was seeing of the tape on a monitor in front of him. "There seems to be a minister in trouble with the police," he observed. "They're manhandling him pretty severely . . . that cop certainly had his eye on a target"—this over a scene showing a policeman running right into part of a crowd and wildly clubbing and collaring a young man. (Chanting in the background of "Sieg Heil!") "There seems to be a wounded man there, at that point." And again: "The young lady [here, a shot of a girl, in great distress, being led away from the crowd] seems to be quite well dressed." (This in an avuncular tone.)

The scenes, Cronkite said, had been videotaped about an hour previously and represented a situation that now had been restored to comparative calm. He reported that the National Guard had "advanced" into the lobby of the Conrad Hilton, and had cleared the lobby.

Over the intercom: "Dan Rather is with Paul O'Dwyer on the floor. Mr. O'Dwyer is going to say the police used unnecessary brutality on the floor and that real delegates to the convention have been thrown out because that's the way the convention is being stage-managed. Do you want it?"

"Joe Benti up in the stands—he has information that people up there in the stands have been picking up credentials in the mayor's office. We can't do a thing about how it's stacked for Humphrey up there. Are you interested?"

"Alioto is going to nominate Humphrey, and when the demonstration breaks out I suggest cutting to Benti and we can explain how this demonstration got organized."

"Mike Wallace is back. He's okay."

Forty minutes after the first videotape of the violence outside the Conrad Hilton had been shown, Cronkite, on the air, made a brief introduction of a second section of videotape that had just arrived from downtown. "There has been a display of naked violence in the streets of Chicago," Cronkite told the CBS audience before the film came on. But, he said, there had been no repetition of the worst of the previous violence; he went on to say that National

Guardsmen had since reinforced five distinct lines of police that had pushed antiwar demonstrators half a block from the demonstration area outside the Hilton. Cronkite also reported, before the videotape went on, that "CBS News producer Phil Schefler, a witness to that Hilton violence, said it seemed to be unprovoked on the part of the demonstrators—the police just charged the demonstrators, swinging at the crowd indiscriminately."

The videotape, which had a narration by Burt Quint, showed, against a background of great noise and booing, and in the glaring artificial lights of the television network people, columns of National Guardsmen advancing north on Michigan Avenue with bayonet-tipped rifles, a shot of a machine-gun manned by a National Guardsman on top of a car, and other shots of Guardsmen and Chicago police pushing and herding people around.

These shots, I understood, had been made from a CBS mobile unit known as Flash Unit Number One, which had been stationed in Grant Park, directly across Michigan Avenue from the Conrad Hilton. Flash Unit Number One consists of a big, gray-painted truck with a platform on top of it for two television camera rigs, and, inside, a miniature control room manned by a producer, a director, a videotape-recording engineer and a couple of other technicians. Normally, it is used for live transmissions by microwave equipment, but during the Chicago convention, because of the telephone workers' strike, it could be used only for producing videotape. The producer in charge of this Flash Unit, a big, gregarious man named Alvin Thaler, later told me that the first two sections of videotape concerning the disorders outside the Hilton that were shown on CBS that evening were taken from at least an hour of continuous electronic-camera photography by two cameramen on top of the truck, using four 1000-watt floodlamps. As the pictures were monitored in the little control room inside the truck, the images were intercut sequentially, in whatever way seemed desirable to the unit director, David Roth, and compiled into one videotape recording. As the tape progressed, parts of it would be cut off, stuffed into a videotape box, and thrown out the back of the truck by Thaler to one of two motorcycle couriers who would dash off with it to CBS convention headquarters at the Amphitheatre. Flash Unit Number One had been in Grant Park since about dusk, and for about half an hour thereafter Roth, watching the monitors in front of him, had his attention focused on the police who were

throwing people into a van at the corner of Balbo. Then, he told me, he suddenly saw something on one of the monitors that caused him to be momentarily disoriented; he saw on it a foreshortened shot of a big formation of helmeted troops marching along with rifles and bayonets. He told me that for a moment he imagined that the closed-circuit monitor he was looking at must have been feeding in an actual television broadcast, and that what he was seeing was part of some war movie. He assumed that both his cameras were pointed northward, at the disturbances at Balbo and Michigan Avenues, and sticking his head out of the truck in that direction, he saw no troops there. Still confused, he looked southward, and only then did he realize that one of his cameras was pointing south, and that there really were troops with bayonets and gas masks and machine guns and rifles, and jeeps with barbed wire screens in front, advancing north on Michigan Avenue.



During and since the convention, not only Mayor Daley but a number of other politicians have denounced television coverage of the disorders in downtown Chicago as biased and unfair to the Chicago police, who, they said, were subject to great provocation, which was not shown on television, by demonstrators. There were also allegations that television itself, with all its lights and paraphernalia, had had a provocative effect on the demonstrators and had increased the intensity of the clashes between them and the Chicago police. From where I sat on Wednesday evening in CBS Central Control at the Amphitheatre, I obviously could not be an eyewitness to the scenes in downtown Chicago. But I was highly interested in the circumstances under which CBS, like the other television networks, was able to cover the disorders, and this interest was based in part on what I had been hearing from CBS people, since well before the start of the convention, about the problems of coverage confronting them in Chicago.

In fact, I had talked to Robert Wussler about the subject as long ago as the beginning of December, 1967, when Wussler and fifteen other people assisting him had already been at work for several months on CBS convention-coverage plans. Wussler had been apprehensive about the choice of Chicago for the convention. He told me that the Democratic National Committee had had a subcommittee of ten people at work to recommend the most appropriate convention site, and that the subcommittee had had presentations from the mayors or other representatives of Miami Beach, Houston, and several other cities as well as Chicago. He said that after hearing these presentations the subcommittee had voted on its preferences and that of the ten votes cast eight had been for choosing Miami Beach as the convention site and two had been for Houston. Chicago got no votes. But in the end, he said, the recommendation was overturned. "I guess what it amounted to was that Lyndon Johnson and Richard Daley had ten votes between them on the committee," Wussler told me. "Half a million dollars was raised by Daley as an inducement to bring the Democrats to his city, and Daley also made a pledge that no riots would occur in Chicago during the convention." Wussler then had added, "I have great respect for Daley—he's one of the best old-time mayors in the country. But I doubt that he can make good on that pledge. It could get pretty messy in Chicago."

In April, I had talked again to Wussler, and he had still sounded worried about the likelihood of disturbances in Chicago during the convention, particularly since the CBS people had had a chance to observe the temper of the Chicago ghetto during their coverage of the rioting that had taken place there after the assassination of Martin Luther King, Jr. And I had talked to him again a week or so before the beginning of the Republican National Convention in Miami Beach. By then, Wussler was deeply worried about another development, the strike of electrical workers in Chicago against the Illinois Bell Telephone Company, which began this past May, and which threatened (because telephone lines are almost inextricably involved in any full-scale live television coverage of any event) to interfere with the ability of the networks to bring the Democratic convention to the home screen. As the Republican convention got under way in the first week of August, the ability of the networks to complete their live installations in Chicago, even if the electrical workers' strike should be settled, looked very dubious. Because of the impasse in the tele-

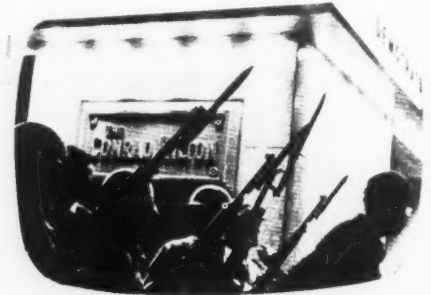
phone strike and the increasingly ominous signs that violence might erupt in Chicago, representatives of the Democratic National Committee considered briefly, before or during the Republican convention, changing the site of the Democratic convention to Miami Beach, where very elaborate live television installations existed at Convention Hall and throughout the city. In connection with this possibility, Richard Salant, the president of CBS News, told me, just before the Republican convention, that "suggestions, not so subtle, were made to us that since the networks would save money on any move of the Democratic convention to Miami Beach we ought to pay up money we would thereby be saving. We turned these suggestions down. Personally, I think network television is vulnerable enough as it is, considering, for example, what it's done to sports, where it moves games from day to night, to have them take place in prime time, and where it arranges for guaranteed times out in football to get in a specified number of commercials, and so on."

A week before the Democratic convention in Chicago I talked to Salant again. Early in July, Mayor Daley had made an accommodation with the striking local of the International Brotherhood of Electrical Workers, under which the electrical workers agreed to lift their strike temporarily at the International Amphitheatre itself, but not elsewhere in Chicago, which meant that live network coverage of the convention would be confined strictly to the Amphitheatre and would not extend to the downtown hotels where the candidates and delegations would be staying. Nor would it be possible for television mobile units to operate, live, between remote locations and the Amphitheatre; the striking telephone workers claimed jurisdiction over the microwave relaying of televised images from these units. Salant was now plainly disturbed by what he considered to be the political implications of these restraints placed on television coverage of the convention. "Daley had enough muscle to obtain a strike moratorium at the Amphitheatre. Why couldn't he have enough muscle to extend the moratorium to the hotels where the candidates were? Daley told our people that the only live microwave relay we would be permitted outside the hotel would be at O'Hare Airport, and that *only* if and when President Johnson arrived there. Why just Lyndon Johnson? When the strike moratorium was announced, Daley held a press conference, and someone there raised the ques-

tion of why the delegation headquarters and the Conrad Hilton wouldn't be covered live. Daley said that this wasn't the candidates' problem, it was TV's problem. I attach considerable significance to this; nobody who is politically wise would give an answer like that, because he knows that no candidate can operate effectively unless he has full contact with the communications media. It has the effect of giving a great edge to the guy who's ahead. I have the suspicion that the power structure here feels that it can so arrange things that network television can be excluded from those aspects of the convention that they'd just as soon we didn't cover. They obviously don't want us to cover any of the demonstrations live; I've had word that one of Daley's aides considered writing a letter to the Federal Communications Commission asking it to send fifty observers to watch how the networks cover demonstrations, and to have these officials empowered to order us out if that should prove desirable."

In an age when a boy in a ghetto riot who heaves a rock within view of a television camera can do it with a sense that he may be throwing the rock not just across a street but also into the living rooms of tens of millions of homes, the relationship of television cameras to what they are registering at scenes of civil disturbance involves serious problems of judgment. In general, in talking to CBS people before as well as during the Democratic convention in Chicago, I found them quite frank to acknowledge the possibility that the presence of a television crew at scenes where violence might break out might itself somehow help to trigger violence, or, where violence was already occurring, to exacerbate it. In fact, before the start of the convention, Salant called his executives together and briefed them on their manner of any covering of civil disorders that might take place in Chicago. He instructed them to keep all of their reports in reasonable context and to avoid giving publicity to people "desirous only of getting their faces on television by making inflammatory statements." Further, he said, "We must in no circumstances . . . give reasonable ground for anybody to believe that we in any way instigated or contributed to civil disorder." He told them to have their men avoid using lights when shooting pictures, since lights tended to attract crowds, and to obey police instructions instantly and without question. Camera crews were to be instructed that if they found, during any civil disturbance, that but for their presence the disorder would not be taking place, they should immediately cap the lenses of

their cameras, regardless of what the crews from competing networks were doing.



As the convention got under way, I found the CBS people in Chicago expressing increasing dismay over what they felt was a deliberate policy on the part of the Daley administration to hamper television coverage of any civil disorders, of any demonstrations taking place within the city against the Johnson administration and American involvement in Viet Nam, of the discussions taking place at delegation headquarters in the downtown hotels, and of the convention itself. The Chicago police were reported to be taking a tough and uncooperative attitude toward television crews working outside the convention hall. The Department of Streets and Sanitation refused to give permits for the networks to park their mobile units on the streets outside the major hotels; when the CBS people attempted to rent space for their mobile units in parking lots adjacent to the hotels, they encountered an extraordinary reluctance on the part of the lot operators to let them have space, even at fees amounting to several hundred dollars a day. Alvin Thaler reported that parking space for mobile units in some places, such as service stations along a projected line of march of a demonstration scheduled for August 28, in several cases could not be obtained at any price mentioned, although usually the owners of such places are delighted to cooperate with television networks and to turn an easy dollar. At the Amphitheatre, the CBS people were informed that "for security reasons" they would not be allowed to put cameras in the windows at the front of the building to photograph any action going on outside; and even at the Conrad Hilton, where on the fifth floor CBS had set up a newsroom to cover the candidates' and delegations' headquarters, the head of the newsroom operation, Ed Fouhy, was warned by security people that the network would not be allowed to use the windows of its suite to photograph events outside — even to train its cam-

eras on Grant Park opposite, where Yippies were expected to gather. At the convention itself, neither CBS nor any other network could obtain any assurance from the Democratic National Committee until the night before the convention as to how many cameras would be allowed on the floor during the proceedings. (In Miami Beach, the Republicans had let the networks know as far back as the beginning of June just how many floor passes they would be allotted.) When at the last moment the decision on floor coverage was made in Chicago, CBS, like the other networks, was allowed passes for only two television correspondents and one miniature portable television camera; the network had been asking for passes for four correspondents and two cameras. (In Miami Beach, CBS had been allowed passes for four correspondents and two miniature cameras.) Eventually, and after many protests, accommodations were made with the authorities over some of these difficulties—for example, parking and the number of floor correspondents, which was increased to four, with the other correspondents getting on to the convention floor with messenger passes. But the CBS people, who in Miami Beach had had the run of the place and had enjoyed quite full cooperation from the Republican National Committee, the city administration, and the police, and had even had a minimum of difficulty with local unions, continued to feel, in Chicago, a sense of official reluctance and resentment. As for the convention itself, the atmosphere was an almost palpably oppressive one, with barbed wire entanglements, masses of helmeted police around the Amphitheatre, the Potemkin-village quality of the approaches through the stockyard slum areas—along which, on block after block, the Daley administration had erected redwood screens that concealed rubble-strewn lots and dingy entrances—the countless security check points, the magnetically coded passes, and the swarms of unrelentingly suspicious plainclothesmen with hips and armpits bulging with weapons. With all this around them, the CBS people, who at the Republican convention had mounted a most elaborate live communications system between Republican headquarters, the delegation hotels, and Convention Hall, were now reduced to keeping in touch with their newsroom downtown by having secretaries continuously dialing the switchboard at the Conrad Hilton Hotel in the hope of getting a line that wasn't busy, so that they could then be connected with the newsroom. On Tuesday, during the CBS Evening News, I had

seen on the screen pictures relayed by satellite from three different continents, showing in turn scenes of the Russian occupation of Prague, the visit of Pope Paul to Colombia, and the results of Viet Cong rocket attacks on Saigon. From Chicago that same day, a satellite was relaying to Europe with equal efficiency television coverage of the Democratic convention. The big communication problem seemed to be making a telephone call from the Amphitheatre to a downtown hotel.

All these frustrations had to be coped with by people who had been working for eighteen or twenty hours a day, seven days a week, during the frantic preparatory period at the Amphitheatre. (Casey Davidson remarked to me that the people in his Remote Control unit had "volunteered for service in Czechoslovakia to a man.") But the CBS men had their first really ominous signs of deteriorating relations between the Daley administration and the news media when, on the first night of the convention, at Lincoln Park, Chicago police began beating Yippies and also began to pay physical attention to television cameramen, still photographers, and reporters. One of the cameramen was Delos Hall, of CBS, who had been filming a crowd of young people who were being dispersed on Division Street near Wells by three policemen. "As far as I knew, three policemen were doing a fine job of dispersing the crowd," he later reported. "Then, apparently, a larger group [of police] arrived, running from behind me toward the marchers. Then, without warning, one of the first officers to pass me swung at me and hit me on the forehead with his nightstick, knocking me to the ground. When I got up I continued filming and was pushed and shoved from policeman to policeman, especially when they saw me filming them clubbing or arresting marchers." The clubbing of Hall was witnessed by Charles Boyer, a cameraman for WBBM, the CBS-owned television station in Chicago, who himself had just been beaten by police, and who, at about the same time as he saw Hall being assaulted, saw police attack a third television cameraman, James Strickland of NBC, who is a Negro. Strickland, he said, kept telling two officers who grabbed him that he was from NBC, "but they kept telling him, 'You black mother —, we'll kill you before the night is over.' He got rapped in the mouth a couple of times and I understand he had a tooth busted off." Besides the scores of young demonstrators and on-lookers attacked, about twenty-five newsmen were beaten, Maced, or otherwise severely harassed by

the police in or around Lincoln Park that night.

On Wednesday night outside the Conrad Hilton, and in the neighboring streets, newsmen were beaten during the disorders, but the extent of their injuries appears to have been minor compared with those inflicted on other people that night. So far as I know, no CBS people were among those injured. By no means all the CBS network cameramen were sympathetic to the demonstrators. Most of them just aren't made that way; they are people who may earn tens of thousands of dollars a year, have comfortable homes in the suburbs, belong to a craft union that sees to it that they fly first class while the producers of the programs they are shooting are obliged by the network to fly economy. Some of them consider the demonstrators outside the Hilton to have used considerable provocation, ranging from the free use of obscenities to the throwing of bottles at the police. "The Yuppies deserved the cops, and the cops deserved the Yuppies," one of the cameramen said later in a typical comment. Yet if the cameramen witnessed physical provocations by demonstrators outside the Hilton, they seem, in spite of their generally neutral or even unsympathetic attitude, not to have been able to include shots of these acts in their videotapes or film. (Nor, for that matter, were the undercover police cameramen who provided material for the television film which was later put out by the Daley administration to justify the actions of its police in Chicago.)

On Wednesday night, CBS televised, in addition to the two tapes shot by Thaler's unit that I have referred to, two other sequences of the disorders along Michigan Avenue. The first of these, which was run just before 1 a.m. EST, when the nominating speeches were still going on in the Amphitheatre, was a videotape recording of a film that largely duplicated the scenes shown earlier of arrests and clubbings around the patrol wagons outside the Conrad Hilton. The second sequence was run after the formal close of the Wednesday convention proceedings and the nomination of Hubert Humphrey as the Democratic Presidential candidate. This sequence, which went on the air almost without narration and with only the comment by Cronkite that the pictures seemed to speak for themselves, showed dramatically the predicament of a woman who had picked up a couple of demonstrators in her car at a roadblock at about 5 p.m. (These demonstrators, I learned later, were casualties of tear-gassings by the National Guard at Michigan Avenue and Congress Street. As the woman gave

the demonstrators a lift, and attempted to drive on, National Guardsmen in gas masks stopped her with guns and bayonets; one guardsman thrust a big-barreled tear-gas grenade launcher through the driver's window and aimed it at her; another, with his rifle pointed downward, motioned as though to bayonet the car's right front tire. (A cry on the sound track, from a bystander: "Come on, CBS, show it all! Show the world!") Then another guardsman discharged tear gas at the car. The sequence, which came through on the screen as though enacted in slow motion, lasted some four minutes.

Much later on, after the Democratic convention was over, and when the initial reaction of shock in the press had abated and an uproar of criticism by Congressmen of the television networks' coverage of the violence was breaking out, I asked for and obtained an opportunity to take another look at videotapes of these sequences. And it did seem to me that there was a considerable difference, in terms of actual information offered, between reports of the disorders that I had been reading in the press and the sequences I was seeing on the television screen. The television sequences that CBS ran as its version of events on Wednesday night showed far less violence, and far less detail of what took place outside the Conrad Hilton, than reports that appeared in the daily press or those that were compiled by, say, *Time* or *Newsweek*. And even the still photographers, it seemed to me, provided far more detailed documentation of the violence than the CBS sequences that appeared on television did. The only real violence that CBS documented that night was the clubbing of a few young people as they were being dragged and thrown into the patrol wagons, and that action was later repeated, in a different version, in lieu of other original material from the scene. What the CBS shots televised on Wednesday night did not catch and that press reporters on the scene caught and described in detail included: first, the police charge at Balbo and Michigan Avenues upon a crowd through which, a short time before, a four-mule train of Poor People's Marchers led by the Reverend Ralph Abernathy had been allowed southward; second, a rampage of motorcycle police who drove over the curb on the east side of Michigan and into the crowd gathered on the sidewalk; third, a further charge of police from west on Balbo upon a crowd of onlookers and demonstrators hemmed in around the northeast corner of the Hilton; fourth, the spe-

cific acts of police clubbing of individuals among the trapped mass of onlookers and demonstrators; fifth, the panicking of the pushed and beaten crowd (the southerly fringe of which was even assaulted with police sawhorses used as battering rams) so that it backed up against the plate glass windows of the Haymarket Lounge, at the northeast corner of the Hilton, causing the window to break, and people to fall back, some bleeding badly, through the jagged hole to the inside; sixth, the police clubbing, inside the Haymarket, of those who had fallen in, as well as bystanders; seventh, further acts of police clubbing, in the main lobby of the hotel, of young people, some of whom had taken refuge there from the action on the street; eighth, a further charge by the police, with another mass assault with nightsticks on another crowd of onlookers—many of them delegates' wives—on the sidewalk a block north of Balbo at Harrison, and similar indiscriminate assaults on crowds on the side streets off Michigan. In the press, all of this and much more, in detail, was spread over column after column and shown in scores of still pictures. Yet CBS could not show this detail even with a total of something like six television cameras and three film cameras trained on the scene outside the Hilton and north along Michigan Avenue. And when the violence first broke out, the area in front of the Hilton, brilliantly lighted by the television network people, looked, in the words of one CBS man, "like a movie set."

Why the discrepancy in detail between media? I believe part of the answer is that individual reporters and photographers possess much greater mobility in such scenes of disorder than do television crews, burdened with cameras, lights, and sound equipment. (And when the television crews are working with electronic rather than film cameras, their equipment usually is tied by coaxial umbilical cord to a parent truck carrying recording and relaying equipment.) Television people usually need room in which to operate; they work only with difficulty in crowds. The electronic cameras on top of a mobile television unit have an elevated view and are equipped with lenses that can zoom in or out of scenes in a telescopic manner, and this is a great advantage in certain situations, but again not necessarily in crowds, since an overhead telescopic show of part of a dense crowd usually gives such a foreshortened effect that action taking place within the crowd is hard to distinguish—especially during a scuffle, when some of the people involved may be on the ground and out of sight. (A still pho-

tographer, using a miniature camera and a wide-angle lens, can work very close to his subject and encompass a great deal of action in his field of view.) Further, a press reporter is in a better position to isolate and record the relationship between a particular action and reaction in a crowd or confrontation; when he sees, for example, a provocation such as a taunt that is followed by some reaction on the part of police, he connects the two in his account; but the television cameraman, unless he trains his lens continuously on one spot, is hard put to record the instant when provocation draws police action. He may record the police reaction, but his camera has no memory of *what happened before he pressed the camera trigger*; it has no capacity for generalization, and the cameraman himself is no writer; he usually hands his film on to a courier with a hasty note about the subject matter. I mention this difficulty because often, in disorders, isolated provocations such as stone-throwing occur so quickly that only a cameraman with the quickest reflexes could record them. I was told later by CBS people on the scene that some missiles such as beer bottles were thrown at the police outside the Hilton after the police charged into the crowd. But in the CBS shots shown on the air I could see no flying objects other than young people who were being thrown into patrol wagons.

But what seems to have interfered most with the ability of CBS to televise in detail the disorders outside the Hilton on Wednesday night was the lack of light. The very conspicuousness and drawing power of the television cameras, which, critics say, attracts trouble within camera range, also attracts trouble for the television crews themselves, and it did so, especially in Chicago. Thus, about fifteen minutes after the violence first broke out outside the Hilton, the array of television lights on the second floor of the Hilton that was trained on the area in front of the hotel suddenly went out. This represented nearly all the illumination that had been used by the networks (on a pool basis, with CBS in charge of the pool) to televise the demonstrations and disorders up to that time. When the lights went out, Walter Urban, a CBS man who was in charge of the pooled lighting arrangements, heard a rumor that the cause of the blackout was the police. He went down to the second floor with another CBS man, James L. Clevenger, who had been asked by Ed Fouhy, the chief of the CBS newsroom at the hotel, to get the lights back on. The two men found that the lighting cables had been

disconnected. Urban reconnected the cables and turned the lights on again. They had only been on two or three minutes when, according to Clevenger's account, "A policeman wearing a helmet arrived and barreled by me and started pulling the lighting cables. I told him to stop and suggested that he come to the fifth floor and talk to Fouhy. He told me to shut up. I told him he could not pull these cables. He turned, put me up against the wall, waved his night stick at my nose, and said he was giving the orders. I said, 'Yes, sir.' The lights went out."

Then, according to Clevenger, another policeman, wearing a soft hat, arrived on the scene, was asked pointedly by the helmeted policeman if he had his gun and nightstick with him and told him to guard the disconnected lighting cables and to see that they stayed disconnected.

At about the time of the first outbreak of violence outside the Hilton, Herbert Schwartz, a CBS film cameraman, was standing with his crew, an electrician and a sound man, on Balbo Avenue next to the Hilton Hotel, waiting to film Senator McGovern when the senator emerged from the hotel to travel to the Amphitheatre. Schwartz saw a large contingent of police marching east along Balbo toward Michigan Avenue. Schwartz and his men grabbed their portable sound equipment, walked toward Michigan Avenue ahead of the police, and under the marquee of the Hilton on Balbo began to film the advance of the police. Just before Schwartz started his camera, his electrician, Tim McGann, turned on his portable light to illuminate the scene. "Suddenly, a white-shirted police officer charged at [McGann]," Schwartz reported, and he said the officer then yanked the electrical cord from the battery pack the electrician was carrying. According to McGann, he was then pushed back so that he fell against another officer, and then to the sidewalk, and as McGann was falling the second officer hit him on the side of his face with the back of his hand. The electrician never again saw his lamp. All three men wore prominent CBS identification badges, along with Amphitheatre press credentials, which they wore around their necks. Schwartz and his sound man then were pushed by police with nightsticks into a crowd of onlookers and protesters on the corner of Michigan and Balbo, and according to Schwartz the two narrowly escaped being shoved through the windows of the Haymarket, but they managed to get out of the melee by shouting loudly for a police lieutenant who was nearby, thus

momentarily distracting the attention of the police who were pushing them against the plate glass. (Schwartz and his sound man then went on to film some of the arrests being made, and they were not further molested. I don't want to convey the impression that the rough treatment they received that night applied to all CBS people on the scene of the disorders; the attitude of the police toward them, by the accounts I have heard, varied from officer to officer and from one incident to another.)

The charge of the police on the crowd near the Haymarket Lounge was observed by a cameraman on top of another CBS mobile unit stationed near the corner of Balbo and Michigan, and the producer in charge of the unit, David Fox, instructed his men to train their cameras on the action. But the unit possessed no lights other than those from the hotel, and since the amount of light shining on the scene was very limited, the unit was unable to get a usable record of this incident. When Fox, sitting before a monitor inside the unit, had a chance to judge the quality of the violence he saw on the screen, he decided, on the basis of instructions issued by Salant not to endanger his men, that the situation might get much worse, and he ordered his men to pull out after the lights from the Hilton were turned off.

At about this time, Ed Fouhy, in the CBS newsroom on the fifth floor of the Hilton, decided that in view of the peremptory disconnecting of the networks' lights by the police he ought to have Urban turn on a limited number of lights in the newsroom and rig them in the windows of the fifth floor CBS suite so that CBS electronic cameras on the floor could record at least part of the scene outside. But as soon as Urban did so a fuse blew and all power in the newsroom was lost. After some delay the fuse was replaced, and the lights were used for a while, but a police officer turned up and requested that they be turned off. Fouhy told me afterward that he had them turned off. (Much later that night, when the Chicago police outside the Hilton were replaced by National Guardsmen, these fifth floor lights were turned on again without objection, Fouhy said.)

When Fox's unit left the area of Michigan and Balbo, Alvin Thaler, across the street from the Hilton on the Grant Park side of Michigan Avenue, continued recording on videotape what his electronic cameras were picking up with the 4,000-watt lights mounted on Flash Unit Number One, but after a while Thaler was told by a police

officer to put his lights out. He did so. Some time later, when action broke out on the edge of Grant Park that he felt he ought to be recording, he turned his lights on for a brief period, and then he, too, gave the order for his unit to leave the area. Thaler strongly believes, he told me, that "whenever we put our lights on, we reduced the amount of violence in front of us. You have to realize that cops are far less eager to break heads right out there in front of the TV cameras than they might be somewhere back there in the dark." James Fusca, who was working during the convention at the CBS news desk, was present when the police drove the demonstrators north on Michigan Avenue, well away from what television lights there were outside the Hilton, and he told me that in his opinion police action against demonstrators and onlookers was much more violent out of the lighted area than it was within it. The relationship between turned-on police and turned-on television lights is neatly illustrated by the observations of an assistant U.S. attorney that were reported to the National Commission on the Causes and Prevention of Violence. He was describing the progress of a melee that Wednesday night at State and Jackson:

I observed the police striking numerous individuals, perhaps 20 or 30. I saw three fall down and then overrun by the police. I observed two demonstrators who had multiple cuts on their heads. We assisted one who was in shock into a passer-by's car.

A TV mobile truck appeared . . . and the police became noticeably more restrained, holding their clubs at waist level rather than in the air. As the truck disappeared . . . the head-clubbing tactics were resumed.

Police action in putting out lights when that suited their purposes was not confined to television floodlights, which the police later claimed had only served to heighten existing disorders; the police also broke or seized the strobe flash units belonging to many still cameramen. Since the duration of a stroboscopic flash averages something like one thousandth of a second, it can hardly be claimed to provide the kind of floodlighting likely to attract crowds. Nor was the dousing of lights by police even limited to the suppression of photographic activity in general. One CBS employee who was present when the police drove demonstrators north on Michigan has described how "One CTA [Chicago Transit Authority] bus had become stranded on Michigan and a number of demonstrators sought refuge from tear gas by climbing on the bus. The

police followed them and blocked the exits from the bus while their associates beat those who were on the bus. To avoid being seen, the police turned the lights off. I heard a policeman shout, 'You little long-haired queer. We're going to stomp the ——— out of you and all the other punks like you.' Someone managed to get the bus lights on, and I had someone hold me up so that I could see what was happening on the inside. I observed demonstrators trying to squeeze themselves through the bus windows on the other side and I saw policemen beating one of the demonstrators all about the head and back and one of them had his foot in the kid's groin."



How was it, then, that with such limited coverage, and with all that the CBS people did *not* film or videotape of the more violent episodes in downtown Chicago on Wednesday night, that the sequences that were seen had such a remarkable effect on the audience? In terms of the communications process involved, it strikes me, after having viewed these sequences by themselves, that on Wednesday night the impression of violence in them was greatly heightened by the visual and aural context in which they were shown. And this was true in spite of the fact that the act of taping television shots always robs the audience, in some measure, of the unpredictability inherent in the originally occurring action, and the time lag tends to interrupt and dampen the immediate interactive process so remarkable in viewing live television. By the time the audience saw these tapes, it was already aware of the situation on which they were based, and understood, in effect, that the worst of what it was seeing was already over. It seems to me that the taped scenes appeared so violent because of something resembling what medical men call, in connection with the action of drugs, a potentiating effect—an unusual heightening of the action of some drugs in the presence of others.

How powerfully the interaction of even relatively

inert images placed in immediate sequence can affect an audience was pointed out in the 1920's by the Russian film director Pudovkin in his book *On Film Technique*:

Kuleshov and I made an interesting experiment. We took from some film or other several close-ups of the well-known Russian actor Mosjukhin. We chose closeups which were static and which did not express any feeling at all—quiet closeups. We joined these closeups, which were all similar, with other bits of film in three different combinations. In the first combination the closeup of Mosjukhin was immediately followed by a shot of a plate of soup standing on a table. It was obvious and certain that Mosjukhin was looking at this soup. In the second combination the face of Mosjukhin was joined to shots showing a coffin in which lay a dead woman. In the third the closeup was followed by a shot of a little girl playing with a funny toy bear. When we showed the three combinations to an audience which had not been let into the secret the result was terrific. The public raved about the acting of the artist. They pointed out the heavy pensiveness of his mood over the forgotten soup, were touched and moved by the deep sorrow with which he looked on the dead woman, and admired the light, happy smile with which he surveyed the girl at play.

In these cases, almost exactly the same neutral facial expression succeeded in conveying, through the process of visual potentiation, quite different and, in two of the sequences, very strong emotions. In the case of Chicago on Wednesday night, it seemed to me that the potentiating effect I have referred to was enhanced by the immediate juxtaposition of the tapes of the disorders in downtown Chicago with the supposedly more orderly scene of a nominating convention, which actually was exhibiting in its own way not dissimilar characteristics of irrationality and violence. It was as though, from widely separate sets of strands, someone were weaving cloth of unique pattern in front of one's eyes.

Of the four tapes relating to the disorders downtown, the one showing the arrival of the National Guard and showing guardsmen pushing people back to the sidewalk near the Hilton probably displayed the least actual violence, although the sight of rows of bayoneted rifles advancing in front of the delegates' hotel and the accompanying boos and crowd noise on the sound track certainly conveyed an air of considerable menace.

While this tape was being played on the air, I was sitting watching it and the bank of monitors (and

keeping an ear to Wussler's intercom) in the Central Control Room at CBS convention headquarters at the Amphitheatre. The tape went on the air at 10:43 p.m. EST, and immediately before Cronkite, on camera, made his brief introduction to it, a lot of cheering had been ringing out in the floor and the band had been playing "Will Everyone Here Kindly Step to the Rear," following Mayor Alioto's nominating speech for Humphrey. After a minute or so of the shots of the National Guard advancing on Michigan Avenue had passed, and while everyone was watching the central screen very intently—nobody in Central Control had previewed the images—Grainick's voice came over on the intercom.

"What are we doing with Daley?" he asked Wussler.

After a second or so, Wussler said, "Greenberg, you got anybody near Daley?"

On one of the side monitors among the bank of screens in front of me, I saw a swiveling, searching, zooming shot that finally closed in on the area where Mayor Daley was sitting in the Illinois delegation, and in another minute or so I saw Dan Rather, wearing his headset and with microphone at the ready, moving in on the mayor.

On the intercom there were other observations:

"Bob Wussler, the McCarthy Wisconsin delegation has walked out to discuss action on Chicago police brutality."

"Wussler, see the New York caucus on Remote D."

Then, as the tape of the scene downtown and of the live shot of Mayor Daley sitting in the Illinois delegation continued on their separate monitors, Vern Diamond, the director, gave a signal that intercut the shot of Daley into the shots of the scene outside the Conrad Hilton.

Throughout the time I had been in Central Control I had watched Diamond at work with increasing interest. In the chain of all the hundreds of CBS people who in some way were interposed, through the exercise of some editorial judgment between reality and the images on the screen serving to represent it, Diamond was the last, and in some instances the most vital link: a surrogate, almost, of the viewer himself in the living room. Diamond was a gentle-faced, gray-haired man in his early 50's who appeared to possess the reflexes of a 17-year-old. For hour after hour, I had seen him in the center of the first row of control consoles immediately in front of and somewhat lower than the bank of

monitors, looking up at them so that his eyes never once seemed to stray from the bank as a whole, and, speaking into a microphone on a gooseneck immediately in front of him, giving the instructions that determined exactly what shots, in what sequence, would appear on the central monitor and be fed to the air. Sitting in a forward, intent attitude, always leaning on his elbows, a posture so unvarying that his elbows rested on a foam rubber pad he had provided himself with, he would order shot after shot: "Take One!" "Take Four!" "Take Minicam A!"—the sound of each number called being accompanied by a sharp snap of the fingers. And with each snap, from the bank of monitors images from one row or another would be duplicated and transferred on to the central screen by push-buttons operated by technicians assisting him. By the manner of this instantaneous plucking from the scenes reflected in the rows of monitors and by his particular sequencing and juxtaposing of particular aspects of simultaneously occurring action, Diamond seemed to me to endow the final stream of images with a very special quality, to give the flow of subject matter a certain rhythm and texture. Here, when Cronkite needed to cut into a speech from the podium with a piece of news, he would order a cameraman, "Pull out now for a wide shot—wider—wider," to lessen the abruptness of the transition from one shot to the other; there, when two action sequences would occur simultaneously he would either crosscut between them if the action were sufficiently related, or he would use the image of one scene over the sound of another. In its simplest form, this would involve the voice of Cronkite reporting on progress at a caucus of the Illinois delegation and a long accompanying shot of the delegation's empty seats in the hall. Many of his juxtapositions were made with ironic effect. And sometimes the juxtapositions seemed sharply to distill all of the forces at play in the convention—such as the succession of shots very late in the preceding day's session that showed, among the views of delegates who backed the minority plank attempting to get the attention of Chairman Albert for the purpose of adjourning the Viet Nam debate to a period in prime television time, a telescopic glimpse of Mayor Daley, chin jutting out aggressively, making a wide slashing gesture across his throat at Albert, thus causing to be cut off all floor microphones and all motions for adjournment but his own. (His motion for adjournment was instantly adopted.)

As the taped scenes of the National Guard march-

ing outside the Hilton, and the live shot of Daley on the convention floor remained on the monitors, Wussler's voice, over the intercom in Central Control, said quietly, "You can intercut as you wish, Vern." Diamond by this time was continuing once more with the taped scenes of the National Guard.

"Rather's ready with Daley," Greenberg's voice said on the intercom.

"Take two!" Diamond said.

The shot of Daley was transferred to the central screen. Mayor Daley, bright-eyed, alert, and tough, was looking straight ahead, and then he moved slightly as though he were peering over the shoulder of the delegate in front of him. Dan Rather, standing next to where Daley was sitting, leaned down to talk to him. From the floor, Rather wasn't seeing any of the taped material from downtown, of course.

"Mayor? Sir? Mayor Daley, Walter Cronkite is reporting downtown the police have used tear gas and there is considerable turmoil around the Hilton Hotel," he began.

Daley leaned slightly over toward Rather. "The situation is well in hand," he said. "There was a demonstration by people who were violating the law and coming into hotels contrary to the hotel management and were creating acts of violence."

"Did the hotel people complain, Mayor?" Rather asked.

"Everyone has complained. The guests complained, about people being there all night. The police took the proper action, to have them comply with the law," Daley said.

"Well, mayor, so far as you know the police did not respond with undue violence?"

"Our police department is the greatest police department in the United States; and the men in there are all family men, decent men, and they don't respond with any undue violence," Mayor Daley said.

"What about these reports that downtown is strictly an armed camp? For a businessman coming to Chicago tomorrow—should he cancel his reservations—"

"Totally propaganda by you and your station and a lot of Eastern interests, who never wanted this convention in Chicago, and a lot of other people trying to hurt the pure name of this great city," Mayor Daley said.

And throughout this exchange, Diamond deftly intercut, time and again, between Daley and the scenes from downtown of the National Guard and police, and although he as director had no control over the simultaneity of the mayor's words and the

unreeling videotapes of the action that had occurred downtown some time earlier, the live shots of Daley seemed to lend to the videotapes the immediate, compelling quality of live television. And the intercutting was not merely from one visual shot to another in straight sequential juxtaposition, but with the sound of one image being made to provide continuity over and to extend emphasis to another image—Daley's assurance that everything was well in hand downtown continued as voice-over accompaniment to scenes of bayonet-flashing troops and milling police. The live shots of Daley increased the sense of violence in the taped scenes from downtown, and the sense of violence in the taped scenes downtown endowed the closeups of Daley's rather blandly obstinate denial that undue force had been used with a sense of heavy villainy that hardly any professional actor could convey.

Daley himself was not privy to the confrontation that viewers were seeing on their home screens. He had no television set in front of him, and he had no way of knowing just what CBS was at the moment showing about what had been happening an hour or so previously. He was in the position of a football coach who was commenting on the behavior of his team without actually looking at what his men were doing on the field. Daley's interviewer, Dan Rather, couldn't see the scenes of the disorders on the screen, either, but at least he knew that the tapes were being played on the air, and when he wasn't actually interviewing the mayor he could hear on his earphones the audio track of the videotaped material. Considering that Daley was unaware of the on-the-air scenes that seemed to belie almost every word he was uttering, it is easy to see how CBS could be accused of playing dirty journalistic pool. And especially so since, on the following day, when Daley appeared in Cronkite's anchor booth to be interviewed at length by the Star, Cronkite was manifestly unprepared for this face-to-face journalistic confrontation with the mayor—unprepared possibly for the change of role from anchor man-host to interrogator; unready, certainly, to produce as evidence the videotapes of the police violence that Daley now might properly have been faced with directly, as the mayor had not been the night before. The Star simply caved in under a Daley landslide of self-justification. The mayor took charge of the interview and, unhindered, denounced the peace demonstrators and extolled the pure name of the city of Chicago and the Chicago police for the better part of half an hour.

But, on Wednesday night, when the videotaped scenes of the disorders downtown and Dan Rather's live interview with Daley were going on the air, it remained for Diamond to juxtapose Daley's words and the disorders as his sense of irony, drama, or truth saw fit at particular moments.

It seems to me that this kind of intercutting is a very risky practice. However, I think that in this instance Diamond's action was justified by the circumstances. It did communicate, in very sharp fashion, the essence of what was going on in Chicago, and the intercutting was carried out by a director who was not only very skilled technically but who also in my opinion showed every sign of being a reasonable and fair man. Rarely does a television director have an opportunity to intercut material that provides such dramatically colliding symbolism. But I think that as time goes on this kind of instantaneous montage, so different in quality from the montage that a film editor in a screening room can labor over almost interminably until he achieves precisely the effect he desires, is likely to loom very large in the television process. For one thing, it is clear that live coverage of events, in which television is at its most fascinating, must increase greatly. For another, this is not an age in which the number of public demonstrations and confrontations of one kind or another is likely to decrease. The intimate quality of this live coverage will be enhanced by the widespread use of portable miniaturized television cameras. To an increasing degree, the images from these cameras will not flow into motion picture or tape screening rooms to be subjected to conventional editing; rather, they will tend to flow through live-image control rooms from which they can be fed directly on to the air. And it is the simultaneity of originally occurring action and the editorial process itself that makes television so potentially powerful in its rendering of the real world. It seems to me quite likely that television will bring forth, sooner or later, its own Pudovkin, a man so skilled at manipulating and juxtaposing, in strong individual style, innumerable fragments of visual and aural reality into a sequential mosaic that he will carry forward the present state of instantaneous electronic-image montage to an altogether new level. It will be an extraordinarily compelling and dangerous journalistic art form.

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Words from Ralph McGill

Ralph McGill, columnist and publisher of *The Atlanta Constitution*, died on February 3, 1969, two days short of his seventy-first birthday. Despite forty-seven years as a newspaperman, he rarely paused to analyze his own profession. However, one of those occasions took place on May 29, 1959, when he delivered the fourth Joseph Pulitzer Memorial Lecture at the Graduate School of Journalism, Columbia University. Here are excerpts from that address, which has not been previously published:

- I follow the writings of the critics with meticulous care....I give careful ear to the Jeremiahs and Hoseas. But it does not seem to me to be all decline. Nor is the answer a sort of journalistic Parkinson's disease, a chronic palsy, or wringing of the hands. I do not think it is time to switch from whisky and water to hemlock.
- While I was struggling to stay in Vanderbilt University I began part-time work on a paper and later went with it full time. This was in the last days of what have been called "The Press Barons." The two rival publishers carried on a great and very real feud such as only Tennessee and Kentucky could produce. Pistols were carried on political assignments and the excitement was great. One's muscles and brain were almost daily given extra supplies of adrenalin. The reporting was slanted, especially the political part of it. I wince yet, recalling some of the gleeful hatchet jobs I did in those youthful days before the feud lost its savor and I began to come of age. It was a great and exciting experience and, believe me, it was competitive. I am glad I had that experience. But—you want to know something—it was a grand feud, but as newspapers, in that era, they left something to be desired.
- I know independent newspapers which are dull, bewitched, and bewildered. They will have difficulty surviving. I know owner-publishers who have few ideas of their own and, seemingly, no concept of what a newspaper can, or should, be. Those I have in mind accept as the voice of the people what they hear at the country club bar, at civic club luncheons, and from what their wives bring home from bridge games and cocktail parties.

They frustrate what management they have. Just being an independent paper is of no meaning unless the direction and vision are there. The same goes for monopoly situations or chains. The ownership—interest, purpose, character, and ability to provide management and direction—that is the key to newspapers. No editor can do a job unless his publisher provides a climate of integrity and understanding on which to work. Yet we go on oversimplifying it in our panel discussions and our writings as if we would enter into a golden age of journalism if only there were more independent papers. I wish there were—good ones. But the answer to this easy theory is—it ain't necessarily so.

- One of the curses of newspapering was, and is, the cult of objectivity. Objectivity, of course, was a formula invented for escaping from the recklessly slanted news of the good old days. Print both sides, we said, and let the people make up their minds. But we overdid it. Some of the readers we have lost have fled the obscuring effects of objectivity. We printed the news, we said. If a senator, a foreign minister, or some other person of importance spoke falsely, we didn't say so, even though we knew it, save maybe on the editorial page. And not always there. We waited for someone else to say the senator had lied and we then printed that. Both might have been false. But there was almost never any background or bracketed clarification of what the facts were. The trouble with American journalism's objectivity was that it wasn't really objective since it usually obscured the facts and caused readers to say "I wonder what the whole story and complete truth is."
- Publishers ought, it seems to me, insist on their editors' traveling frequently about their home states and the neighboring ones just to see and know what's going on and what people are talking about. It is also my guess that a great many editors don't read enough books, don't get to know the sheriff, the chief of police, the court rooms, and the prosecutor. But maybe I'm wrong and just getting crochety.
- Let me admit that I am a sentimentalist about newspapers. I have liked every minute of my almost thirty-eight years of work, including even the hangovers suffered in the cause in my younger days.

the lower case

Editor, heal thyself

In an article on freelancing in the British New Statesman for December 20, 1968, Godfrey Smith, editor of the London Sunday Times, offered the injunction at left below. Farther on in the article, however, he wrote as shown at right below, not having heard, apparently, of William Styron or Nat Turner

None too soon

The Seattle Times for January 1, 1969, inserted an unseemly sub-heading with birth announcements

amateur is a skilled journalist or the freelance is in the wrong trade.

Any editor will also agree whole-heartedly with another correspondent, Mr. Harry Chambers, that the one unforgivable sin is the freelance who does not check his facts. After all, every time you publish, you are at the mercy of your contributors' integrity. The libel laws of En g l a n d s t i l l d e

is bought for a film it can fetch anything from £3,000 to the unprecedented sum of \$600,000, plus a percentage of the gross profit, paid to Robert Styron for his novel *The Confessions of Matt Turner*.

Why do men become freelances? Some, of course, were pushed; a paper closes, there is a golden handshake - not so much if you

Vital Statistics

NOTICE OF INTENT TO WED

DOCTORS HOSPITAL

Spencer Wyant, 2218 Third Ave. N., boy.
Neil A. Kidd, 3450 49th Ave. S. W., girl (Dec. 30).
James Meacham, 12635 N. E. Sixth St., Bellevue, boy (Dec. 30).

MAYNARD HOSPITAL

Paul E. Beano, 1612 Ave. S. E., boy (Dec. 30).

RIVERTON HOSPITAL

Gary D. Holmboe, 24254 13th Ave. S., Kent, girl.
Daryl L. Opsledal, 4363 S. 178th St., boy.

SEATTLE GENERAL HOSPITAL

Todashi Fujita, 9314 Fourth Ave. S., boy.

STEVENS HOSPITAL

Dexter Arp, 21512 P. Ave. W., boy (Dec. 30).

Headlines anonymous

SELPH SERVICE TO BE TONIGHT

Funeral, New Orleans Times-Picayune,
October 16, 1968

Father, Son Found Drowned To Death

Emphatic from The State, Columbia, S.C.,
December 29, 1968

Wife-Beating Tail Improves His Image!

Zoological oddity, Greenville, S.C., Piedmont,
January 2, 1969

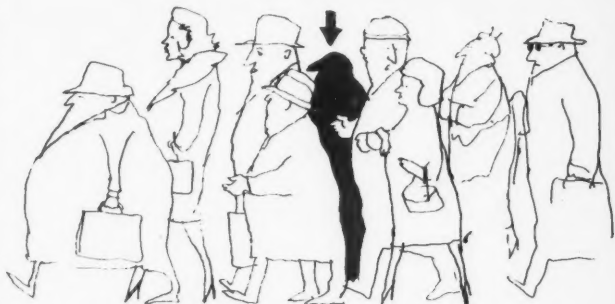
York Osteopath Picked To Head U. S. Body

Big job, Philadelphia Evening Bulletin,
November 1, 1968

Nixon's Concussence Awarted Con U.S.-Soviet Missile Talks

Puzzler from The New York Times,
December 3, 1968

LOST—in the daily mass of information?



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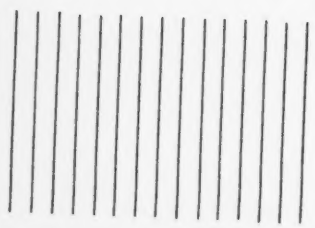
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WHEN COMPETING CANDIDATES GET TOGETHER, YOU CAN BET ON A HANDSHAKING SESSION
AP Wirephoto
 From left at California delegation caucus at Dem conven- Sen. Eugene McCarthy, South Dakota's Sen. George McGovern are Vice President Hubert Humphrey, Minnesota's Governor. The man behind McGovern wasn't identified.

Retouchers anonymous

The photo at left ran in The Denver Post on August 27, 1968. The caption refers to a man between Senators McCarthy and McGovern, but he has been wiped out by the retoucher—all but his disembodied right hand



Representative James Corman, Democratic candidate for Congress in California's 22nd District, sent the photo above to The Van Nuys News. Corman appears third from the right in a check presentation for International Orphans, Inc.



But when the News printed the photograph on September 8, 1968, Corman was missing from the line-up, despite his precaution of not standing at the end of the line. (The News was backing his opponent; Corman won the election.)

A CONCISE BARTLETT'S FOR JOURNALISTS

Persons who read Broadway columns casually often wonder what the hell they are all about . . . most of the time nothing *happens* in the columns — and that is just the point. The Beautiful People, the celebrities, the presences, they just exist to be there. — *Maurice Zolotow in The New York Times Book Review, December 29, 1968.*

* * *

Let me alone! — *Mrs. Charles Robb, elder daughter of President Johnson, to reporters and photographers trailing her through Istanbul, December 18, 1968.*

* * *

I own every fashion editor in America . . . I can deliver them. — *Eleanor Lambert, fashion publicist, quoted in The Washington Post, December 17, 1968, in a story distributed by Women's Wear Daily.*

* * *

When television is very serious about doing us a public service, they come

on with the president of the sponsoring company, stiff in his business suit, announcing they're forgoing the commercials. — *Nicholas von Hoffman in The Washington Post, January 8, 1969.*

* * *

Never has there been less editing of manuscripts. Never has there been more half-baked stuff published than there is today. There is an utter lack of discipline in writing now. — *Arnold Gingrich, publisher of Esquire, in an AP interview published in the Christian Science Monitor, December 7, 1968.*

* * *

"I've often wondered what the public would do with the so-called public airwaves if we didn't use them. — *David Brinkley, quoted by Barbara Delatiner in Newsday, November 8, 1968.*

* * *

There is no Canadian community which is as dull as the newspaper it reads. — *Robert Fulford, in Crisis at the Victory Burlesk (1968).*

